

Summer 1935 SUMMER

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# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Volume XV

SUMMER, 1935

Number 4

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# LITERARY NEWS

GRACE STONE COATES, Editor

Robert Tod Struckman contributes to Courtland Matthews' *Northwest Literary Review* an informative article about Montana's foremost writer, Frank Bird Linderman. Mr. Linderman has a new book ready for his publisher, the story of a bear, *Big Jinny*. He has found time, also, to prepare the text to accompany 48 portrait reproductions in color by the artist, Winold Reiss, whose art colony at Glacier park is nationally known. Text and portraits deal with the Blackfoot Indians. Mr. Linderman calls his story *Out of the North*, because the Blackfeet came from the region of the Lesser Slave Lake more than 200 years ago.

In the death of Arthur Truman Merrill the West loses one of its finest poets. Mr. Merrill contributed many lovely lyrics to *Frontier and Midland*. He was at work on a volume of poems, *Wings Before the Dawn*. In his typewriter were found the premonitory lines:

O see!  
Darkness is past;  
Hear lifting wings bringing  
Eventful hours—bringing a day's  
new  
Rapture.

May Lamberton Becker has prepared a list of books recommended by the Reader's Guide, more than 300 titles, which may be obtained by request to Reader's Service, N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*. The American Book Company will endeavor to answer inquiries about books and authors through *Book News*, provided stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed with such request.

John T. Frederick of Northwestern University and the University of Notre Dame in collaboration with the Rev. Leo L. Ward of Notre Dame is preparing a collection of readings for college students.

John Cowper Powys, British author and lecturer, sees in America's Middle West the inception of a culture "that may refresh the jaded over-civilized spirit of the human race." In the April *Scribner's* he says: "My most tender farewell to this huge wierd chaotic country where I have been so happy and so unhappy must be . . . to the Middle West. This is the real America . . . this is the region of what may after all prove to be, in Spenglerian phrase, the cradle of the next great human 'culture'."

*Space* has concluded its first year of publication, and will suspend. Its editor, B. A. Botkin, in the perhaps-not-final number discusses writers' and editors' problems in the critical and generous spirit that has made *Space*, under his editorship, noteworthy among "little" magazines.

Alan F. Pater, 516 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C., edits *The Poetry Digest*, which aspires to be "an expertly culled and finely sifted harvest of monthly verse," and in a lively and incisive column, "Touchstone," covers the field of modern verse.

The J. K. Gill company, Portland, is pushing the sale of *The White-headed Eagle: Dr. John McLoughlin, Builder of an Empire* by Richard G. Montgomery. (Macmillan).

Upton Terrell's *Adam Cargo*, a striking piece of fiction published in *Frontier and Midland*, has just been issued in book form by Reilly and Lee, Chicago. Mr. Terrell is at work on a long trilogy that may bring him from Chicago to the West.

Al Schack's personal memories of the horrors of war are told in a book, *Soul Wounds*, the Missoulian Publishing company. There are many book length manuscripts already prepared by Montana authors, too local and limited in appeal for eastern publishers, which might find their place in the sun through such local publication.

M. Catherine White, Reference librarian, state university, Missoula, is preparing an annotated bibliography of Montana writers, and will welcome biographical notes and statement of time and place of published work from Montana writers.

Original Editions is a new organization to promote sales of books published two or more years ago. Little, Brown; Harper's; Dodd, Mead; and Harcourt, Brace were first publishers to subscribe to the project. Address 383 Madison Ave., N. Y., for full list.

Irl Morse, Akeley, Minn., states that Cabin in the Pines will publish a quarterly edited by Etta Josephine Murfey, *Poetry Caravan*.

*Westering*, by Thomas Hornsby Ferril of Denver, is a distinguished volume of the Yale Series of Younger Poets.

Marion Lay, wife of H. L. Davis, Seattle, has a story "Alma Mater" in April *Pictorial Review*. A poem by Ada Hastings Hedges appears in the same issue.

Mary Brinker Post has recently appeared in *Story*, Edward J. O'Brien's *New Stories* and many women's magazines.

Archetype Press, Berkeley, Calif., is publishing Robin Lamson's *Terza-Rima Sonnets* in June, matching the excellence of the verse with hand-set, hand-press printing.

Irene Welch Grissom's *Under Desert Skies* will be published by The Caxton Printers in September. It will be illustrated with photos by M. E. Irwin of Douglas, Ariz., one of the finest photographers of desert scenes in the West. From *Caxton Book News* we learn that Charles S. Strong has appeared





## Alone of its Kind

FOR a generation it seemed to fiction-loving Americans that short story writing was a lost art in this country. Comparatively few readers understood why. Mistakenly many thought that there were no new writers of merit to replace the masters of a more golden, or less brassy age. They were slow to recognize the fact that with the appearance of mass production in industry, publishers became obsessed quite naturally with the dream of mass circulations; that the editor who wished to please millions of readers dared accept only "popular" stories—spineless, formless, colorless, and tasteless. They did not know that scores, perhaps hundreds, of able young writers had forced themselves to conform with the requirements of the popular magazines, or had given up writing for lack of a market.

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James Neill Northe is chairman of the Poetry and Writing division of the Southern California Festival of the Allied Arts (May 10, June 1.)

The first issue of the *Idaho Historical Quarterly* is dated May, 1935. It features original source material, and gives promise of superior interest and historic importance.

*The "Dull Knife" Outbreak* is a pamphlet privately printed by E. A. Brininstool, 330 N. Poinsetta Place, Hollywood, Calif., dealing with a wronged and outraged Indian chieftain and his Cheyennes. *Major Reno Vindicated*, ditto, is based on a letter by Colonel W. A. Graham concerning "Custer's last stand." Each booklet is listed at \$1.

Jack Conroy (*A World to Win*: Covici Friede 1935), winner of a Guggenheim fellowship, will visit the U. S. S. R. in August, there spending the accrued royalties on his *The Disinherited*, Russian edition. Jack has earned—and received—that sweetest of all recognitions, the praise of his home town, Moberly, Mo.

Having secured the active cooperation of a dramatic critic of fifteen year's standing, *Selected Authors Representatives* of 53 E. 11 St., N. Y. C., has extended its services to include a theatre department. It is their purpose to associate with themselves a

small group of young talents that will grow with the department. They offer straight representative service and critical service. Shirley Hector heads the department.

Mills College offers six weeks of instruction, beginning late in June, in writing for children, verse writing, short story writing, and analysis of plot, as well as a Lecture-Conference program at which Dane Coolidge, C. C. Dobie, Idella Purnell, Maren Elwood, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, and Gertrude Atherton will speak.

Weldon Giniger has resigned from the editorial staff of *The New Talent* in order to devote more time to his own writing.

The Guignol Theatre, Lexington, Ky., announces a play contest which closes in February, 1936, with award of \$100 and a week's production. The type of play is to be a modern comedy of manners.

EDITOR'S NOTES—Dr. C. H. Clapp, president of the State University of Montana, died in May. He was from its inception a friend of this magazine. The poetry of his wife, Mary Brennan Clapp, has often appeared in it.

E. Douglas Branch, managing editor of *Frontier and Midland* since the summer of 1934, leaves Montana shortly to become Research Professor at the University of Pittsburgh, and therefore cannot be so active in the work of this magazine.

## A PERSONAL WORD

by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

I have associated myself with five English writers whose achievement I admire in founding a magazine called

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# YES, SIR!

## Missoula Vacationland, We'll See You This Summer



By WILLIAM GILTNER

Are you looking forward to summer—and vacation? If you are—and whose thoughts do not turn to playland in the summer?—follow the trail to the Rocky Mountain West and experience the thrills of a vacation in the land of the young and craggy mountains. Follow the trail to Missoula, city hemmed in by the virile mountains and turbulent streams that entranced Lewis and Clark in 1804-06 and that have retained this natural wonderland for 1935 America.

Pretend for just a moment that you have decided to go West on that vacation. You have reached Montana, within whose borders you will find sweeping wide plains, the lakes like those of the old Northwest and stupendous mountains—for Montana is the third largest state in the union. You make your headquarters in Missoula and set out day by day to explore this region whose youth and structure have intrigued American geologists and whose splendor and beauty have made this Missoula country the mecca of tourists.

A cool, dewy morning greets you as you walk along the streets of a city which combines the flavor of the old west with the sparkle of the new. Here you will find everything that you will need. For Missoula caters to tourists and visitors. You will like the contentment of this city, for here is genuineness, friendliness, hospitality.

Naturally one of the first things you will do is to set out on a hike—and here are hiking places





galore, places where foresters reign supreme and the automobile is as foreign as the palm tree. You decide to try quite a short hike at first, and you start for Pattee canyon, which crouches east of Missoula. If you really want to walk, you will start climbing Mount Sentinel, from whose summit you can view the five great and fruitful valleys which converge at Missoula. But again you turn your back on town, and clamber up the sloping mountainside, down the other side, winding about great rocks and resting under trees whose very stillness creates a complementary peacefulness in you. Oh, here is where one feels that magnificence of spirit which poets so long have monopolized. But, if you don't want solitude of spirit, take long and determined steps—don't miss one thing in that great canyon!—and somehow you will be carried away by the sheer ecstasy of living—for here is country untamed. It is here that even Jim Smith may become Jim Bridger for a day.

But there are other places to go—for you would need a lifetime to see all of the beautiful country which surrounds Missoula. There are fine automobile roads leading to Flathead and Seeley lakes. Did you ever lie on the shore of a mountain lake and look over the shimmering surface which casts back at you the sky and gives you a picture so complete, so magnificently perfect in natural colors, that you wished

for nothing else than to spend all of your life dreaming there? If you haven't—think now of your little worries and troubles and then compare your present existence to the dreamless dreamland that greets you in Montana.







Or you can drive along the Bitterroot river, go to Lolo and Lolo Hot Springs. You can spend countless hours at the lakes or in the mountains where the pine and fir and tamarack greet you with the wisdom that seems to waft from every lofty branch. You can make a three- or four-day excursion to Glacier Park, which rapidly is becoming a mecca for tourists who desire to be thrilled during the all-too-brief vacation days. You may drive along the famous Yellowstone trail to Butte and thence to Bozeman and Laurel, and finally to Red Lodge, southern Montana city which is the newest gateway to Yellowstone National Park. Drive over the Beautiful Blue Beartooths—if we may paraphrase Strauss—and thence to the nation's largest park.

We'd like to take you with us to these places we know so well and hunger for even when we're only momentarily away. The country is vast and its pleasures free—and we want to thrill with you as you see for the first time this country which combines the best features of a dozen natural playlands. Go south, east, north, west—and you'll not find a better place in which to spend the carefree summer days. The Missoula country is the paradise of which you have been dreaming. Many a tourist, once having stayed in the town and visited in the nearby regions, postpones his departure day after day. There's something about spring and summer in Missoula that fascinates the visitor. Maybe it's the way the light green buds and shoots blossom—seemingly overnight—into a marvel of happy color. Maybe it's the way the business men treat shoppers—with friendliness, helpfulness, and low prices for the things people need and buy. Maybe

it's the light winds which sweep from the Pacific, bringing with them the rains that make this country a far cry from the drouth-stricken areas of our own midwest. Maybe it's the scenery—the young mountains, the rollicking mountain streams, the THINGS TO DO. And then again, maybe it's the combination of all these things which transform the tourist into a lover of Missoula and make him a better American for having seen the one place where the WEST remains the WEST.

What a wonderland is this Montana, with Missoula serving as the center of a great region that will thrill you as nothing has before. There is everything here that will make you happy. You can take along your golf sticks and your tennis racket, your bathing suit and your riding clothes. Or—you can sever yourself from even these reminders of your present existence and spend an unforgettable summer in the mountains.

For here is the nation's new play land. If you want to get away from the things which have become common to you—if you want the thrill of new sights, vast scenes that leave you thrilled and quieted, pleasures that you will never be able to forget—visit this country.

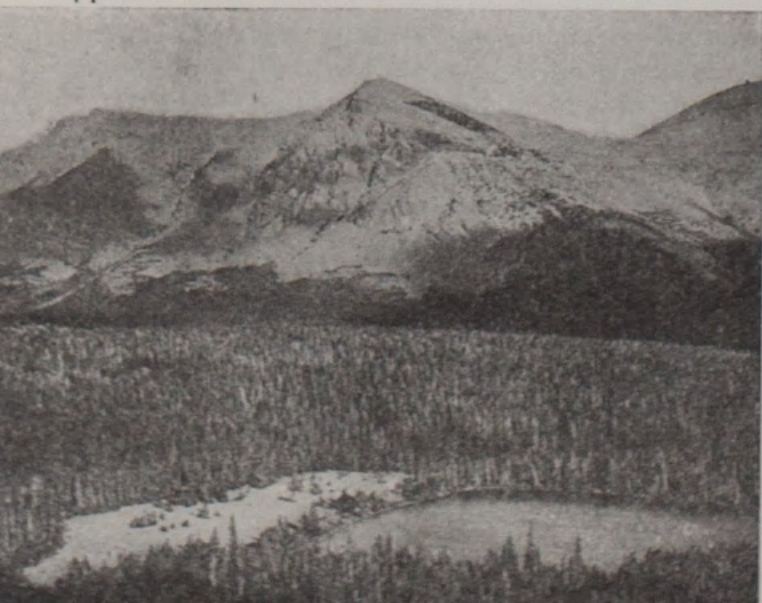
There's only one warning—if you visit it once, you'll never want to leave. But then, we'd like to keep you here. We'll share our Rockies with you.

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The photographs used on this and the preceding three pages are scenes in the country about Missoula. The large photograph on pages eight and nine is a sweeping view of the Mission mountains, a one hour trip from Missoula. These photographs were borrowed from the State University of Montana.

—Adv.



# THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW

*A Journal of Literature  
and Discussion*

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## Featured in the July Number:

THE CONFERENCE ERA,  
By Robert C. Binkley

THE MODERN NOVEL,  
by Sean O'Faolain

NOMINALISM: THE DILEMMA OF WESTERN  
CIVILIZATION,  
by Julius Friend

TWO POEMS ON TIME,  
by Robert Penn Warren

THE PASSING OF THE CONSTITUTION,  
by J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS,  
by Harris Downey

THE VILLAGERS,  
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# FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Vol. XV, No. 4

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Summer, 1935

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."  
—THOREAU.

## YOUTH LIKE A WARM WIND

CHARLES HILTON

YOUTH came to me much later than it does to most young men, but when it did, it came to me suddenly and without warning. It came sweeping in over me like a warm wind from the sagebrush fields beyond our farm, and it left my body burning as one's face does after a long fast ride in the sun and wind. Then I felt strong and full of a sense of quiet . . . of waiting. When I think of my youth I always think of a warm wind, and yellow, and blue. . . .

The day that my youth came to me I was sitting under a tree with my sister Judith, reading *Atalanta in Calydon*. I had just come back from my second year at the academy at Boise, and I was feeling grave. Judith did not understand what I was reading to her. She was combing out her long black hair, upon which petals from the plum blossoms occasionally fell.

I can remember that the air was very quiet on that day, and lay heavily, with the scent of the plum blossoms mingling with the odor of the distant sage brush and the young alfalfa from the field across the fence. We could hear the water spilling over a head-gate in the irrigation ditch that ran along the fence. Father was irrigating the lower forty. We could not see the house from where we sat, because the currant bushes were between us and the house, but we could see through the blue haze, the rim-rock on the cliff which hedged in the Snake river. Above the black rim-rock the sky

was blue . . . without a cloud. Judith quit combing and began to brush her hair. Judith was three years older than I, and her hair struck me, even at the time, as being very fine.

Then the thing happened. I looked up from the book and saw the girl and I could not look away from her. She had come across the alfalfa field, and was standing by the fence looking at us, and her hair was yellow in the yellow sunlight. I could not go on reading *Atalanta in Calydon*.

Judith was not aware of her yet, for her back was turned to the fence.

The girl wore a faded blue dress. Her eyes were almost the color of the sky, but I did not really notice them until long afterwards. Her hair, her yellow hair, fascinated me.

Judith noticed that I had quit reading and was staring over her shoulder. She looked at me and turned around suddenly. "Oh, it's you, Althea," she said; "I thought Herbert had seen a ghost." Althea smiled. Then leaping the ditch, she put her long hand between the barbs on the middle wire, forced it down and stepped into the orchard. She paused a moment disentangling her skirt from the barbs, then sat down on the blanket beside us. She had never taken her eyes off me any longer than she had to. Then it was I realized that her eyes were pale blue, almost the color of the sky. Seated there between Judith and myself, looking at me from beneath her black lashes she made me

forget philosophy and science and *Atalanta in Calydon*; for she was philosophy and science.

"Herbert has been reading a stupid book," said Judith, "and I don't understand it, but it has a nice sound."

Althea said, "It must be wonderful to be educated like Herbert and understand such things."

While doing up her hair by the aid of a small hand-mirror which Althea held, Judith talked a good deal about what was, and had been, going on in our part of the valley; about what the male school teacher from Wilson had said to the female school teacher at Givens Springs at the last dance she had attended, and how the coyotes had taken all of Bill Angel's young turkeys. There was nothing of marriage and giving in marriage, lust and greed, feud and famine among the people of our part of the valley that she left unmentioned. But I could not look at Althea because I knew she was looking at me, and neither of us uttered a word. I guess she was as afraid of her voice as I was of mine; or maybe she never said much anyway.

People who live by themselves never say much. I guess they get out of the habit of talking, and it does not occur to them that they have anything to say. Althea lived by herself as much as any young girl possibly could. Her father was never any talker, and when her mother had died five years before, he had shut up like a trap.

It is strange how one looks at things many times without seeing them. Many times before that day, working about the farm, riding my horse up and down the roads, in summers during vacations, I had seen Althea, but I had never real-

ly looked at her. She had always been a shape in a faded dress, like the posts of a strange fence, or a clump of distant buckbrush. Now she was real to me and I saw her for the first time. Life began taking on new meanings, and somehow everything that I had ever seen had a fresh meaning. For one brief moment it seemed that there would never be anything again which I could not understand.

When Judith had finished her hair she wanted to go down by the river and see what the spring freshet had done to it. She and Althea started off across the orchard and I followed with the book and the blanket. In the pasture I was sorry for Althea, for she had no stockings. The brush clung to her skirts and scratched her legs.

The river had come up higher than usual. We could distinctly follow how far it had come by the line of trash and drift it had left at its edges. Occasionally in this drift we found the bones of a fish, a rat, a rabbit, and, once, the bones of a cow. We had a good deal of fun; but I was sorry I had brought along the blanket. It got in my way as we clambered along the edges of the river. It was hot and heavy on my arm.

When we finally stopped, the girls were tired and hot. Althea's white skin was showing the red of sunburn. Judith was brown like myself and stood a lot of sun without showing it much. Beads of perspiration stood out on Althea's nose, and smears of dirt were on her face, about her eyes, as if she had been crying with a dirty face. We looked at each other and laughed. She was very beautiful when she laughed. Judith was looking at the blue water of the river moving silently, and beyond the water across the river at the black rim-



rock along the edge of the valley. "Let's go swimming," she said.

Althea and I felt of the water. It was warm and pleasant.

"But we have no suits," I said. "We can't swim without suits."

Judith laughed and Althea looked a little disappointed.

"We'll use our underwear," Judith said.

"Sure, let's," said Althea.

I began to think it was a pretty good idea. We went back up the river a way to a broad jutting point around which the river eddied, and where we could swim without danger of an undertow. The girls ran giggling up behind the point to take off their clothes, and I took off mine where I stood. I wondered what Althea would look like without clothing, and yearned to see her. Presently they came out from behind the point, giggling, and running with their hair blowing in the wind, and slipped into the water. The glimpse I had of them excited me strangely. They were swimming down toward me; I became ashamed of myself standing there in my shorts. I jumped in and started swimming up river toward them.

For girls, Althea and Judith were good swimmers. I never enjoyed any swim so much. We swam up to the point, and, although it was dangerous, allowed ourselves to drift back in the strong swift current. Althea's yellow hair floated out about her white shoulders like a golden net. Occasionally I could get close enough to feel her hair against my face and catch glimpses of her white legs kicking through the water.

We stayed a long time in the water

... much too long. When we came out we were chilled in the sharp wind that had set in. It came briskly down the valley and raised small waves on the river. The water turned from blue to grey.

We dressed quickly, and I made a fire behind the point out of the wind, by breaking off sage brush and gathering bits of drift. We stood before it with our teeth chattering, trying not to shake visibly. I wanted to take Althea in my arms. Everything seemed to center in this want. It became so tense that I didn't think I could endure denial any longer. Then Judith got the bright idea of sitting down by the fire and putting the blanket over our shoulders. We huddled very close together under the blanket. I shall never forget that hour as long as I live ... how Althea's body was very close to mine, how her skin seemed to burn through her thin dress, how the muscles of her body twitched spasmodically. I did not dare take hold of her. Presently I found her hand under the blanket, and my fingers closed over it. We both stopped trembling and became very still. It was as if we had been hushed by something ... were waiting ... waiting. Judith did not notice that we had suddenly become quiet and continued telling us an impossible tale. Her voice sounded strange.

Then Althea, who had been very shy before, slipped her free arm about me under the blanket, and held me close to her. At that moment there was not anything I wouldn't have done for her. Finally she turned her face toward me and her wet hair brushed my cheek; as it did so I bent down to kiss her. I shall never forget how brave I felt. I shall never forget how the water looked at that moment and how the wind sounded

in the brush on the bank above us, nor the acid smell of the sagebrush in our fire, now little more than white ash and smoke. In that moment my boyhood slipped from my body like an old garment. I knew then that I had become a man with a man's fierceness, with all of his depth of feeling and tenderness.

Judith noticed us now for the first time and giggled. Then, as if she felt ashamed in the presence of something she did not understand, she remained silent.

That night, long after the others had gone to bed, I sat out on the front porch, watching the stars, and the automobiles going past on the road in front of the

house. I did not realize it then, but it was a sort of vigil I was keeping over my departed boyhood. My skin burned and tingled under my clothing, and the warm, sage-scented air breathed against my glowing face and arms. I thought back over everything I had done or felt up until that afternoon . . . everything that had really meant anything to me . . . and I realized that I could never any more be the person I had been. I did not know what kind of a person I was going to be, but I knew I would be different. The thought of it frightened me . . . made me feel so lost and alone that I went out to my horse in the barn and wept. I did not want anyone in the house to wake up and hear me.

## IN THE MOUNTAINS THERE IS SILENCE

EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

In the mountains there is the sound of silence  
 And the brittle sound of water, within the forest  
 Rhythms of light, and over the forest of the mountains  
 The austere curve of beauty, the clean curve  
 Of infinity. Here is the flesh of peace,  
 The bones of solitude, and the cool nerve  
 Of understanding. In the shape of hills  
 Is the pattern of dignity, firm and fine and sure.  
 In the crystal touch of silence, in the austere curve,  
 Is the rhythm of wisdom. And the winds that go  
 Flowing through the forests have a voice  
 Of singing, cadenced with the little speech  
 Of creatures too wild for seeing and too swift for song.  
 And the storms over the dark mountains,  
 Over the dark forest, over the snow-swept passes,  
 Over the glaciers, move with primal energy,  
 Leaving on the colored cliffs in the darkness  
 Ineffaceable footprints. At the dawn's returning,  
 In the white morning, light comes. And the shining  
 Is the secret of all shining, clouds blown home.  
 But the silence is peace: and the forests find a voice  
 Too wide for echo and too deep for fear.



## HOUR AMONG YEARS

GRIFFITH BEEMS

**A** LONG the ridge of the Palisades, a wintry lavender afterglow persisted. The cliffs darkened and merged with their own shadows, descending darkly on the river. On the opposite shore a man and a woman leaned on the iron parapet of the bridge over the New York Central railway tracks. The river spread before them like a plain. Miles away, ferryboats passed in midstream. Their lighted cabin windows were yellow points, invisibly propelled. From the shadows of the Palisades night issued palpably, welling as from a cleft. The wind rang in the racks of high-voltage wires.

The man took off his hat and leaned against the ironwork with his hands in his topcoat pockets. Twilight penetrated him with sensuous, enervating melancholy. The two had not spoken. For a long time the woman regarded the profile of her husband, the erect familiar head, the slightly saddened mouth, the sober movement of the eyelids. Quietly the dusk encompassed them.

At last she spoke. "Why don't you love me?" she asked. She spoke as though she were interrogating the silence of an empty room.

He did not answer her.

"Why don't you love me?"

"Must we?" he said, after a pause, not turning toward her. "Hasn't there been enough?"

"Why don't you love me?"

"I do love you, I tell you."

"You don't love me."

The woman's voice was low; the question, thrice repeated, and her declaration were spoken in a pensive unvary-

ing tone, without complaint or hope; her voice had the monotony of resignation. The man did not turn toward her nor answer her further. He knew that he ought to put his arm across her shoulders and comfort her, but he did not take his hands from his pockets. She had interrupted, quite inconsiderately, his mood of impersonality in the coming of the night and he resented the interruption. When he tried to return to his mood he could not, for she was there beside him and her despair burned close at his side like the flicker of a nearby match whose flame irritates and blinds the watcher to the whole night firmament.

"It doesn't matter to you what becomes of me."

He went on looking at the valley filling with dusk, but his senses had been emptied of their rapture. He stood withdrawn, making no answer. On the river's edge a power station supported three great tapering chimneys, and their tops, erect and black, were bars against the afterglow. The river rippled among the cinders piled along the shore.

A train whistled to the north. It relieved them. They hurried to the stairs that descended from the bridge to the station platform. When they were halfway down, the train pierced around the bend and slid toward them like a massive grooved projectile. They saw that it was a fast freight on the inside south-bound track. The locomotive passed them, its heavy driving rods plunging in circumscribed madness. They smelled coal smoke and scorched lubrication.

The train still issued from behind the bend and they could see the lurching and streaming line of the runway on top of the cars. Brown hides and black nostrils, pressed against the gratings of the cattle-cars, sped by. Flanged wheels in the shadows of the trucks recurred swiftly, spinning endlessly, hammering out upon the rails a steely cadence marked into intervals by racheting at the splicebars. The roar diminished, the caboose passed, and two red taillights dwindled in the night.

Without speaking, they walked along the deserted platform and sat down; the cast-iron arms screwed in the bench separated them. Before them, not eight feet distant, ran the outermost tracks. The station platforms were below the level of the street, and on the opposite side nearest the town a cement retaining wall guarded the embankment. At intervals along the wall arc-lights hung; their conical deflectors hooded the light downward and lined the livid face of the long retaining wall with a zigzag of intersecting diagonal shadows. The trees on the embankment, dismantled of their leaves, were like fagots. Overhead, suspended across the tracks, the tell-tale, whose dangling rope-ends warned brakemen of the low bridge and impending death ahead, creaked and turned in the wind.

The man glanced toward the woman at his side. She leaned forward away from the back of the bench, staring with lowered head at the rails. From her hands, gripped together in her lap, one glove which she had removed hung down with limp and empty fingers. She had changed. The half of her face toward him was set; the flesh had thickened, loosening from the bone, and on the flesh the lineaments appeared in-

cised. In the stiffened face, the corners and inner part of the lips now and then twitched and shrank almost imperceptibly, as though behind the mask a fire within were charring and licking at the opening.

He knew, with a knowledge beyond doubt, what she was resolving to do.

For a moment he was afraid. He wanted to stand up and shake her and shout, "Stop it! Stop it! Do you hear?" The panic of his impulse made him distrust it. He hesitated. He must not bully her like a nurse shaking stubbornness out of a child. He was responsible for this pitch of determination. She loved him. Within for the first time he became gentle and pitying; but she did not notice. He wanted to put out his hand, touch her, lean toward her and whisper a kind phrase, but she was fixed in despair, dangerous with revolution and tears.

"The train is several minutes late already," he said. "It's seven twelve now."

"Is it?"

Her face did not change nor her body relax. He felt that he ought to break in upon her ruthlessly, ask questions that compelled an answer, make her converse, until in her body one muscle after another relaxed and weakness began seeping in. But at the same time he respected her resolution, the rarity of such a pitch, and he was unwilling to destroy a moment so curious and irreplaceable and novel. Instead, he made his plans. When the train came he would stand up, casually, before she did, and place himself between her and the tracks, and when she arose he would take her arm firmly, with a show of affection, and guard her until the locomotive had passed. He would act so



naturally that she would not suspect his knowledge. When he had arranged each detail of his action he felt reassured and began observing her again.

She breathed deeply and the responsiveness that usually animated her face was gone, leaving it fixed and dull. It had the dullness of putty. She sat apart, intent upon her own self-enormous and stubborn feelings. Her face repelled him. She was indulging her feelings, he thought. She was giving them free rein. She never tried to check or govern them. She let herself go. She ought to keep a grip on herself, as he did, as everyone did. After all there was such a thing as self-control. But she preferred to abandon herself. She had no courage, no resolution. Pride, self-respect, even consideration for him, should strengthen and sustain her, but she made no use of them. She let go. Looking at her, the rigid curve of her body converging, eyes staring, upon the tracks, something that he saw made him begin over again his judging of her. He wanted to be just. But there was something lacking in her. She was weak. She had to have these never-ending assurances of his love just as a sick person had to have an appeasing drug. This was not love, he thought, stiffening his shoulders. This was weakness. She mistook her own weakness for tragic and ennobling passion.

He remembered months before an evening when he had been teasing her while she combed her hair, pulling out hair-pins as she put them in, and quite justifiably she had flown at him and slapped him violently. It hurt, but he had not resented the blow. Before he could say a word, she ran and threw herself across the bed, sobbing. She was stricken that she could have given him a blow. It had taken him long to comfort her. All

her feelings were like that—excessive, embarrassing. She never resisted them. She never tried to save herself. She let herself go as if swept away by a torrent. She allowed herself to be carried on to these moods black with horrible irrational determinations. It was a coward's part not to resist. She let herself be destroyed.

To the north a train whistled twice. The beam from the headlight trembled off over the river; it hovered there, a fierce emission from the darkness of the curve, glaring through a long pause. The gantry lamps cast over the head of the waiting rails a tinselly red gleam. Noiselessly, heeling slightly on the curve, the train appeared; the headlight glowed, small and contained, while the station platform fumed with yellow motes of light.

In a moment we may both be dead. In a moment, a struggle, a misstep, and we may both be upon the tracks. The thought that he, without a second's premeditation, should die, flung without transition to his end, was strange, remote. He sought to elaborate and analyze it, experimenting with its sharpness, but all the while, inconsiderately, swiftly, the remoteness, like air under a piston stroke, was riven by the on-rushing train. He did not flinch, he felt no cowardice, but with the quick overwhelming persuasion of an instant's intuition, he decided, let the woman go.

She stood up and took a step forward. Her glove dropped at her feet unnoticed. Her lips were moving. "Three steps," she repeated under her breath. "Three steps." The reiteration of the words compelled her. All the insufficiency and defeats of her thirty years that had been like jagged stones pound-

ing in her head were quieted by her choice.

The locomotive with its topaze eye did not advance: it enlarged, formidable and poised, with glaring high-set eye, and from it came a strong hum, hypnotically prolonged. A coupling rattled sharply; the car sides flashed with momentum; there was no suspense, it was upon her. Underneath the headlight she saw the square black iron shape. It was unlike the engines with round smoke boxes and cowcatchers that she remembered. It was the head of a monstrous swinging hammer. With every power of her mind, she willed three steps, three steps forward and down—willed it with an exertion that seemed to part the muscles from the flesh. She did not move. Blood and nerves, muscles and flesh, refused. The hammer head swung past her, rending the air as though thunder had passed.

The man had observed her, even the muscles contracting in her legs, with aloof curiosity. The rush of the train,

the hiss of the airbrakes, blasted in his face and he lowered his eyes. When she turned to him he sat, with bent head, alone. So profoundly, so utterly, had she forgotten him that the recognition of his dear familiarity coursed through her.

"Come," she said gently, "we must go."

He picked up her glove from the station floor and dusted it with his hand.

"Here is your glove."

They started walking down the platform to the steps where the conductor was waiting. People framed behind the lighted car windows stared at the couple walking arm in arm unhurryingly. With a few steps, she began to tremble. She shook and tried to withdraw her arm from his so that he would not know her perturbation. He felt her trembling, and forced her arm closer to him. Within his heart, drop by drop, with novel bitter pleasure, distilled contempt.

## NEW TRAILS

H. RAYNESFORD MULDER

Like ramping tides that plow the patient sand,  
Our hearts are harrowed toward the goal men seek  
Yet are denied. So slow we understand  
New paths that do not parallel the sleek  
Tried roads. Though lands that glitter in the sun  
Call for achievement, they are left unsought  
Because of fears that like dark shadows run  
Continually across frontiers of thought.

With granite firmness none need turn aside  
While strength and mind have tenure, and the soul  
Is free to quest for truth. Where we abide  
No fruitless field defeats the heart kept whole  
With dawn of courage breaking through the dark,  
And love, within the breast, a singing lark.



## WHO COULD CATCH STEFAN?

DAVID E. KRANTZ

IT was gray, bitter cold that day with the winds sweeping up from the river. In the field-house MistahCohen read his paper sleepily and kept looking from habit toward the north end where the high swings were. Ever since *crazyStefan* had stood up on one of the swings, with seven other brats sending it higher and higher . . . *crazyStefan* clinging terrified to the strands worn thin by so many hundreds of clutching fingers, his face white and frozen, a mute terror in his wild eyes . . . up he shot suddenly! one of the ropes snapping . . . his thinness outlined for a horrified second against an azure sky, his arms outstretched like a grotesque Christ . . . over a fence he shot and was caught by a grassy hill, and rolled to the bottom. Whimpering, the terror still in his eyes, but not a scratch on him. Miraculous! a charmed life . . . MistahCohen grimaced to nothing, *charmed life* . . . oh, the poor, little epileptic.

Down the cold streets to the park by the river. Two long streets, two crossings. His mother kissed him and said, Now be careful, Stefan-boy, be careful when you cross. Wait for the red light.

He knew which was redlight, and which was greenlight. Redlight was when they all stopped, all the automobiles and maybe a car on the shining tracks; he knew, he waited, and he twinkled across the gutter like a fox in flight. When he reached the other side he walked aimlessly.

He walked aimlessly. The cold streets, ooh it was freezing, it was, and there was the park. Every day he went to the park. All summer he went—on all the

hot days he went to the park. Yeah, sometimes when it was raining too! Bet you he went more than anybody, more than the whole world, more than Jerry, the cop! The cop had a gun, a *real* one with bullets. Didn't he hold it once?

Yeah! Let them get fresh with him. Let them call him *crazyStefan* and he'd kill them all! He'd shoot them down with Jerry's gun—he'd kill them, the bastards! He'd— His mother said, Stefan!

Gone the summer. Gone, gone. Nobody in the park. Ol' scarycats, 'fraided uv a little cold! Sitting in the ol' damn school and doing things . . . he went to school once.

Yeah, he went to school. Only when he got sick they kicked him out. That was the first time he ever had it, that sickness, and Miss Rice got so scared she herself fainted, and the boys and girls screamed and cried, and he lying there between the desks, getting bluer and bluer . . . He never went to the school after that.

He went to the park every day. Even when it snowed, even when it rained. And even when they threw down little stones. When you picked them up, they melted in your fingers. Ooh! they hurt your ears and stuck to your hair. He ran up and down all over the park, by the shivering trees; and the yellow mud splashed on his black stockings . . . he liked it and he ran and *rannnn* . . . He liked it and they called him *crazyStefan*, *crazyStefan*! !

They laughed and hooted and pointed, making fun of him, and Snicky hollered, O the crazy dope! He don't know

enough to get outa the rain! They all sang, Get outa the rain, get outa the rain! Ainch had your bath yet? Go take a jump in the river! *CrazyStefan, crazyStefan*, they all hollered.

Bastids, bastids—that's what you are! Bas— They chased him. Snicky and Dutch and Bananas and the Nigger, and even little Susie Jones—they all chased him, but Stefan could run faster and he led them through the rain and they all got wet like the river. They chased him and they cursed him, Stefan laughing over the steep paths and away, but they couldn't catch him, they just *couldn't* . . . and they followed him home and he scurried up the stairs and into the kitchen, holding his mother by the skirts, trembling and wet and happy.

Who could catch up to him? Who could catch Stefan?

He ran into the park and someone shouted, Hello Stefan! but he was running so fast he didn't look over his shoulder to see who. Maybe it was old Adam who picked up sticks and papers, clearing the walks. Saying, Get that dam' dog outa here! and if it was a lady he'd say, 'Msorry, mum, if you ain't got a muzzle you can't come in here.

The man with the beard stopped him. Hey, young feller, what's your hurry? Where you running?

They're chasing me, he panted, they're chasing me!

Take it easy, Stefan. Take it easy. They're all in school now.

Sure enough Stefan looked around and there was nobody. The paths were empty, the pebbles blinking in the tiny rivulets that rolled from the hill. The wire fences surrounded the green lawns. Up on the playground the wind stirred the lonely swings, and the rusty hooks

creaked like imprisoned mice. You tell me, Stefan asked, you tell me why a dog has to have a muzzle.

He sat on the old man's lap. He was a nice old man. When it was clear and the sun shone he came to the park in the early morning. He sat on a bench and looked at the yellow river, this old man, and he ate sandwiches he kept hidden in his pockets, saving the waxed paper from day to day. Once he told Stefan he was four hundred years old. Four hundred! wasn't it awful? He smelled funny and he had a cane with a golden handle. On the handle was inscribed . . . *Opera Compan . . . present d . . . John rmen . . . tenor, 1899*. The rest was worn smooth by a tremulous hand.

. . . so the dog wouldn't bite you, Stefan. So—

You tell me, you tell me why you smell like that.

That isn't a nice thing to say, Stefan. That isn't—

Aww, he wrenched himself free. You're an old bastid! He stood at a safe distance and shouted at the old man, till he waved his cane at him and taunted him, crying *crazyStefan, crazyStefan* . . .

He picked up a rock and threw it at the old man—he knew the old man could hardly walk, resting every minute, mincing his steps, shuffling piteously. The old man began to scream, Help, help! and Stefan threw another rock and almost got him this time, and the old man began to cry, really cry, and Stefan got scared and felt strong and weak and excited. He ran away. Gee, he made the old man cry!

Then he went up to the playground and begun to run all around it. Mistah-Cohen blew his whistle. Stefan ran to



him and MistahCohen said, Stefan, you shouldn't run like this—it's bad for you. Stefan said, It's nothing. I could run faster'n the whole world!

MistahCohen was a Jew, that's what they all said, a Jew, and he wore blue pants with a white stripe. He was boss of the field, boss of the games, and when he blew his whistle, that meant, Stop and listen!

MistahCohen wasn't afraid of anybody, not Jerry, not old Adam; and once when the gang had cornered him, Stefan, and were going to take his pants off, MistahCohen jumped in and didn't he give it to Snicky and Bananas, oh boy, didn't he! and Snicky's face was red where the fingers showed.

They all scattered and Snicky said, You just wait! I'll get my brother and he'll beat you up! and MistahCohen said, Get your whole family! and the gang went out of the park, behind the house and with a high fence between them, they screamed, Jew, Jew, dirty Jew! and it was such a lotta fun that even Stefan joined them and shouted.

Pretty soon MistahCohen came out with a sad face and said, You too, Brutus? and his eyes had a funny light in them.

That night Stefan asked his father what that meant, and his father got sore and threw his cigar away. Don't bother me before supper!

... and now MistahCohen said, How 'bout a little basketball?

Sure, said Stefan.

So they tossed for the ring, and it was lopsided and he couldn't even hit the backboard, but MistahCohen put it in every time. He never missed, and the ball sailed from every part of the court and sometimes it went through without touching the ring at all! Mis-

tahCohen said, Let it ride with the wind . . . Stefan couldn't get it. The ball got heavier and heavier, but he was going to get it in!

Then MistahCohen said, You stay here awhile, Stefan. There's somebody over at the shack. He ran away.

So Stefan played by himself and the wind was cold and his hands were getting purple and numb with the cold—only his belly was getting warmer and his head was like fire. The pale sky above him swept with a grand, luxurious gesture over everything, and the sun glinted like an orange—but the sun wasn't warm any more.

Then he began to tremble and shake, and O mama, *ohhh!* it was coming. He was getting it. Oh mama, he was afraid of it *It was coming . . . !*

For one moment, one crazy fraction of time, Stefan soared straight up to the heavens, to God and a million white angels, to a world of blinding silver, to other skies and suns and worlds, up, up, higher and higher, *Kill me, God, kill me!* He shot through the blue with a greater speed by far than light, to the golden sun, right up to it, catapulted into its fire and heat and splendor, and a thousand fulgurating needles clipped his brain! With a mighty splash and gurgle a sea of bright blood swished down on him and he lost his breath and choked and gasped. With every breath the warm blood surged into his screaming senses and poured out again leaving him naked and cold. Choking, gasping, drowning and suffocated—a hand plowed down and seized him and hurled him away, as a gloating storm will seize a leaf, and he was falling, falling . . . and he lay on the ground, his head whirling dizzily around the skies. And he lay on the cold earth and he

began to get blue and his body became stiff as stone, hard and cold and blue, and a spasm shook him and wouldn't let him go!

He couldn't do anything but lie there on the brown earth, his face a deathly blue, his body shaking in violent tremors, his head twisting in jerky spirals. Ohhh . . .

MistahCohen came running, and old Adam came running, and a lot of other people, and a black man that was working somewhere with a hoe came too. They came to where Stefan lay.

MistahCohen lifted his head to his knees and smoothed his face—his touch was the heat of a flame. Everybody was excited, and a lady screamed, Get a spoon, he'll swallow his tongue!

Is he dead? Is he

A spoon! A spoon!

What happened? What happened to him? What

Is he dead? Who hit him? Who

A spoon his tongue, his tongue a spoon!

Hurry, for God's sake, hurry!

O mama! he could hear everything but he couldn't do anything, and the earth was cold and his head a ball of fire, his fingers like brittle twigs.

They jammed a spoon down into his mouth and they found his tongue and the spoon cut into his gums. His jaws closed over the spoon and his teeth were breaking over the cold slice of silver.

His eyes were closed and he heard Jerry coming up. Get an ambulance! someone shouted, do you want him to die?

What happened what happened? Is he dead? . . .

They carried him to a bench and his head was on someone's lap. The black man felt his pulse and began to scream

hoarsely, His pulse stopped! He's dying! Oh, Lord *Jesus*, he's dying!

MistahCohen said, "Why the hell don't you shut up, this is only an attack! and Jerry said, Break it up and give him air—give him some air . . .

A bulldog tug choot-chooted and the froth hissed in its audacious passage. The island ferry was coming into dock and the angry little waves churned up against the rotted pier supports. *Hiss-ss* went the white steam and a blast from the monstrous whistle echoed like a doom, hovered over the park, the playground, the little group huddled around a bench. A playful wind was trying to move the forgotten basketball.

. . . slowly, slowly, his neck started getting warmer and felt loose. He stopped shaking and his muscles cried for the turbulent rhythm. His face suddenly was scarlet warm, and Stefan half-opened his eyes.

He's coming to! . . . be all right in a few minutes.

Stefan saw a dozen strange faces bent over him.

Look, his eyes are opening! Look, look!

But he hated them all. He wanted to be back, whirling up to the skies and sun, to the silver and gold where he had lived for one brief, glorious moment. He wanted to be back, and the spoon dug into his tender gums and he couldn't move his tongue.

He heard the ambulance jing-a-ling. The doctor rubbed his face with cold fingers and the cop knew him and said, They ought to send him away. They won't take him into school. His father don't want him, but his mother won't let him go. You know how mothers are.

The doctor said, They all die young, around thirty. They're better off dead.



Stefan lay there dumbly, not moving, not trying to. He heard everything, and something inside him burned in hollow tones.

*... his father don't want him—they die young around thirty—won't take him into school—die young around thirty—don't want him—ought to send him away—his mother . . .*

And the doctor said, He won't snap out of it for a couple of hours. We'll take him home in the wagon; Jerry said. Sure, you can't let him stay here, this way; a woman said. It's a shame, and the poor boy so young.

So they carried Stefan into the ambulance and he was limp as a dead man.

The cop sat beside him, and the doctor lit a stump of a cigar and sat by the door, and the ambulance clanged and moved away to the east.

Then the crowd scattered, and the women with the carriages melted away, and old Adam went back to picking up papers and sticks and stones, and the black man to hoe the rich earth, this cold day, and MistahCohen in the blue pants with the white stripes, MistahCohen, the boss of the games, picked up the basketball and walked over to the fieldhouse. As he walked, the wind whistled from the yellow river, and to keep warm he tossed the ball into the air and caught it, tossed it and caught it.

## PILGRIMAGE INTO SUMMER

IRIS LORA THORPE

I have come far to walk these sunlit fields  
Where the old dreams are sleeping, and to view  
The ghosts of hills beyond the smoky blue  
Of summer forests; come far to feel roots  
And bracken underfoot, and the warm rough  
Velvet of mullen leaves, the purple fluff  
Of thistle bloom between the palms. The way  
Was long but in the distance rose the wings  
Of shadowy half-remembered things.  
And a slow immeasurable wonder grew  
That I could forget how the green deep tide  
Of summer flows where valleys open wide;  
How daisy foam blows white on meadow waves  
Slow-rolling; forget the scent of fern,  
The spice of orchards, the dry breath of lucerne.

I have come far to catch earth's melody again,  
Though the day now mellowing into gold,  
Has given of beauty more than the eyes can hold  
And the heart remember,—I have touched peace  
With sentient fingers, and beheld the dim  
Lost dream-shapes in the world's bright rim.

## BEER TAVERN ANGEL

JASON BOLLES

Beer Tavern Angel, you came to my table,  
You laid a red cigaret stub on my tray.  
Your plucked eyebrows were each a dark narrow gable  
Over your eyes that were darker than gray.  
Your mascara'd lashes winked down on your make-up;  
You reached for my beer mug and took a long pull:  
I stared and somehow my brain seemed to wake up.  
As the mug emptied my heart became full.

Beer Tavern Angel, I watched you with tenderness  
On your way back to the orchestra stand.  
I feasted my eyes, while you sang, on your slenderness;  
When the beer customers gave you a hand  
I knew every swirl in the scarlet thin sheathing  
That covered your body. I let my palms whack  
With the rest, but my memory marked how your breathing  
Pulled the crossed straps on your golden-skinned back.

Beer Tavern Kid, if these words have the seeming  
Of lightness and flippancy, so it is best.  
There's nothing for me of yourself but my dreaming  
Of the deep, slow rise and fall of your breast;  
Nothing for you but a face in the corner,  
Blurred through mascara and hazed with blue smoke.  
You were lost beauty and I was Love's mourner  
Just for an evening—let's make it a joke!

Beer Tavern Angel, what is to become of you?  
Penthouse or lunchroom or broadcasting stage?  
I'll never know. You don't know there is some of you  
That will not alter, that cannot age,  
Fragrant and slim in a lonely man's pondering—  
And, wrapped in a kerchief, a butt with a smear  
Of darkening lipstick—Good luck on your wandering,  
Beer Tavern Angel, God bless you, my dear!

---

Angel, the song that I made you is shattered.  
Now I shall never be mouthing again  
The neat, tawdry verses that smirked as they flattered  
Your florescent girlhood—I didn't know, then,



That you were fighting down horror and fear  
When you came over and lifted my beer,  
That you were heedless of me and all men.  
Orchard-bloom, lilybud, Beer Tavern Child,  
Singing your song like a June bobolink,  
How can you seem so exultant and wild,  
How pour such a freshet of song over the brink  
Of your soft throat, just for some clattery coins?  
You, with death in your heart and new life in your loins.

My mind struggles questioning back to your bridal,  
Unblest, unregarded, not done by decree;  
And yet somehow cosmic and solar and tidal—  
The Law that allows summer leaves to the tree,  
The mercy of heaven that plants the bare coulee  
Have something to do with a girl and a man,  
But is it enough  
When the breath comes quick  
And the fine sweat starts  
And the blood turns thick  
In the pounding hearts  
And the throats are gravid  
And skins alert  
And lips are avid  
Of glutting hurt  
And the grasses hush  
And the mountains hover  
And the stars crush  
Lover to lover,  
Is it quite enough, truly,  
That brutes accomplish what sweethearts began?

*We care for those who sicken  
And all who hunger, feed;  
But never pulses quicken  
For lovers in their need.*

*Our aged folk are tended,  
Our little ones are nursed.  
Yet lovers go unfriended,  
Heart-full and empty pursed.*

*Our broken and our worn ones  
Shall never want nor grieve,*

*Though lusty sweet unborn ones  
Clutch at a lover's sleeve.*

*We fester in our plenty;  
We molder at our ease,  
While hopeless 'teen and twenty  
Wander among the trees.*

*Love sues an honest debt  
That all men owe:  
A tiny cottage set  
Where poplars grow;*

*A place to be alone  
By candlelight;  
A room that is love's own  
For two at night;*

*Kettle and broom and pan  
And clock and fire,  
A decent, private plan  
For heart's desire.*

*This much is justly due  
Love, the life-giving,  
For each elected two  
From all men living.*

The pianist opened her gaudy folio  
To, "Where's My Sweetie Pie?"  
The violinist twisted his bow till it was taut  
And put his head awry  
Against the tawny fiddle. The guitar player  
Stiffened, and poised a narrow toe;  
And the Angel stood up among the tables,  
Walked toward them, nodded, "Go."

The fiddler was stroking his G string;  
The guitarist was chording in his bass,  
When the Angel whirled—her soft dress clung against her  
And slowly settled into place.  
"You don't think I ever worry;  
You wouldn't know I ever cry.  
But my throat gets choked and my eyes get blurry  
Asking, 'Where's my sweetie pie?'"



Her hand was pale against her short curls  
 That were like water at the bottom of a well.  
 Her fingers slipped down along her round cheek  
 To the close bodice with its double swell  
 Of slight young breasts—as firm as lettuce heads  
 They were, I somehow knew—  
 And her voice was deep as a graveyard owl's  
 With his slow *Hoo hoohoo*.

“You marked me down for a party girl;  
 You don't come around no more.  
 I sit with my hair in a brand-new curl,  
 And my eyes glued on the door.  
 I've got ice cream in the ice-box,  
 And cake on the cupboard shelf:  
 'Where's my sweetie pie?'  
 That's what I ask myself.”

Her eyes seemed to spread and darken  
 Deeper than any gray;  
 Her lips, tinted to match her dress, were wrung  
 In a tiny, telltale way;  
 Her voice was like the wind that hurtles  
 At the house, in the trees, all night long,  
 Driving, driven—but I thought it was just  
 Part of her foolish song.

“You think I'm a big-time rib  
 That wants to make all the joints,  
 But I'm telling you I just as soon play crib  
 And I certainly can peg points—”  
 The customers clapped when she finished;  
 Some of them whistled and stamped;  
 Then they went on guzzling beer, crunching pretzels,  
 And sucked and swigged and champed.

---

“Hail!” and “Hosanna!” we should have been shouting,  
 All of us stolid beer-connoisseurs then.  
 Some of us should have been running and routing  
 Out the good citizens, women and men,  
 Gaffers and moppets; we should have been rousing  
 Up the town council with whoops and halloos,  
 Have summoned the mayor from his dreaming and drowsing,  
 Bade them all gather and learn the glad news.

What a long murmur of awed exultation  
 Might have swelled up from the shadowy crowd,  
 What a buzzing of plans for a great celebration—  
 Orders, suggestions, soon chorused aloud:  
 "Polish your cars till they glitter and twinkle!  
 Get twenty trucks, decorate them for floats!  
 Press your best clothes till there's never a wrinkle  
 Left in your dresses, your trousers or coats!

"Let the National Guard with full paraphernalia  
 Lead the procession, and next the town band;  
 Then all the lodges in their best regalia;  
 Let the school children form ranks, hand in hand—  
 Not enough music! We must have some more!  
 The fifes and the drums of the Legion shall play,  
 And the purple-and-white-suited Elks Bugle Corps  
 With a rub-a-dub-dub and a tarantaray!

"Then come the floats, all in red, white, and blue,  
 The biggest one last, where in state and alone  
 She whom we honor shall ride in review  
 Sitting erect on a rose-covered throne.  
 Search all the barn-lofts and belfries of churches;  
 Go through your gardens with scissors and gloves;  
 Gather flowers, pull pigeons down from their perches,  
 Fill the air round her with blossoms and doves!

"Ring all the bells! Blow all the whistles!  
 Bang your blank cartridges into the air!  
 Scatter the pavement with bright paper missiles,  
 While auto horns blast and band trumpets blare!  
 Sing, 'Death is defeated and hopelessness broken!  
 Terror is shamed and discomfit defiled!  
 Glory has sent her victorious token:  
 Here is Beauty among us and she is with child!'"

---

Beer Tavern Angel, that last bit was silly—  
 Beer Tavern Angel, I know.  
 You had to go through it all willy-nilly,  
 Go through it all . . . had to go . . .  
 The drug store—your bedroom—the searing and shriveling  
 Insatiable hurt—the hospital ward



That you were hurried to, retching and sniveling—  
The bill you couldn't afford—  
The train out of town (and your purse limp and flimsy)—  
Beer Tavern Angel, goodbye. . . .  
Life is a tender and delicate whimsy:  
Cherish that pretty thought . . . try!  
Beer Tavern Angel,  
Beer Tavern Angel,  
Goodbye.

## DAVE COMES TO DINNER

JOE HANSEN

WHEN Dave comes to see us, you ought to hear the kids in the street yell and come piling over fences. He drives up like a racing driver in a great big black Packard trimmed with genuine German silver, gunning that big angry engine, throwing gravel, and he always skids to an emergency halt, leaving tire marks twenty feet behind. He gets out and says whoever leaves his finger prints on that polish job, he'll shove his arm down their throats and turn them inside out. The kids laugh and say, "Ooooh, we won't touch it. We won't touch it, Dave."

I guess it's the shiniest car in the city. Dave shines it himself personally and looks plenty swanky in his uniform with genuine gold buttons. Mr. Buckstrom thinks a lot of Dave, and as soon as times get better he's going to give him a raise.

Everybody likes my big brother, Dave. He's the only one in the family with curly hair, and it looks real good crawling out from under the edges of his chauffeur's hat. He wears a thin mustache the same color as his hair, not red like Father's whiskers, and it makes his teeth look real white and

shiny. He's always laughing and always gives the storekeepers silver to take the sales tax out of so he'll have plenty of pennies to give the smaller kids. He likes to see them yell and rip for the store and come back gued up with licorice and suckers.

Before the depression, when Dave had his red Indian motorcycle, he used to take me out to Grandma's with him. I'd ride on the luggage carrier, hanging onto his belt, and we'd take corners like the genuine daredevils you see in movie serials. Dave always was good at driving anything on wheels and when he was a kid he would come down a hill on his bicycle, standing on his head on the handlebars. He always got a big response out of the neighborhood with that act, especially from mother. We used to go to Grandma's a lot on account of the hairpin curves and steep hills you could test out your ability on. After we reached the farm we were always sure of a big feed and she'd let us shoot gophers and ground-hogs with the pistol grandpa got as a token of good will when he left the sheriff's office. Grandma was a lot of fun then, jokey, generous with nickles and dimes, and I don't remember any

place more pleasant to visit than Grandma's farm. She used to bake thin brown butter cookies that snapped and crunched when you bit into their sweetness and she always had all the home-made root beer you could drink to wash it down with. Wasn't that beer good! Brown, sweet, snapping with cold bubbles, and a smell as cool and lazy as the spring in the spring house at the bottom of the hill.

Grandma always did like to see Dave and have him sit by the stove where he could easily throw chunks of wood in and eat butter cookies. She told him things she'd never tell anyone else, even her own kids. She told him about the time she had a baby before she was married and how, when she was a kid six years old, she had to get up before four o'clock to go to the factory and work until six at night. It's wonderful to live in a civilization like ours and not have things like that. Child labor is more than unjust, it stunts the mind and body. You can hardly blame Grandma for having a baby before she was married when you consider conditions in those days. It's a pity the baby died. There's so many different remedies now it's hard to see how people could be so ignorant in those days. But I guess working so hard, they didn't have much time to read the advertisements and latest discoveries.

Of course Grandma's living with us now. After the other relatives became tired of Grandma, and the cost of keeping her became too burdensome for them, we took her in. Father wouldn't send his wife's mother to the poor-house, besides she used to loan us money when she was flush and we've never got ahead far enough to pay her back.

What father would really like to do after the depression is over and we're sitting in Easy Street like the rich classes is buy a white brick house just outside the city so that we have the advantage of both the city and the pure air of the country, and have a room especially for Grandma.

The way it is now we all have to bunk up together to make room for her. She can't sleep with anyone except the baby on account of her asthma, and even then she doesn't sleep comfortable. She's not used to eight or nine others in the same room. There's something wrong with her internal organs too and it gives her a lot of pain. Not much can be done about it. The doctors all failed her and the medicines she used to take didn't cure her after all, although she let them print her picture in the papers and testified that two different brands of herb compounds completely relieved all pains after the third bottle.

But she does perk up a lot when Dave calls. When Dave comes in, he never knocks. He walks right in and kicks open the door between the front room and the kitchen and says, "Still hanging on one hinge, I see." That door has hung on one hinge for eighteen months now and each time Dave comes in he tries to kick it down. He doesn't believe in one hinge on a door. He thinks it might as well not have any. Father would have kicked the door down himself long ago, but it takes twice as much to heat two rooms as it does to heat one, and the kitchen stove never was much good at heating the front room anyway on account of the wide space at the front door between the wall and the frame.



All the kids give a yell and come running up to him and hang on his fingers and his pockets and belt, laughing and squealing. Everybody likes Dave and sometimes they nearly pull off his chauffeur pants until Father peels them away.

Mom looks up from the stove where she's cooking and smiles pleased and happy. She's more proud of Dave than any of the rest of us. "Hmmm. Look who's here. . . I was just thinking of you. Seems like every time I think of you in you come."

I smile at Dave and Dave grins back. "How's she going, kid? How's the women?"

"Isn't he the one with the girls, though?" Mom smiles that little proud satisfied smile when she's complimented on her children and turns the sizzling smoking hamburger over. "He'll be getting married if he isn't on the lookout, as handsome a boy as he . . . and as good and moral and clean."

It makes me sore to hear Mom talk that way, because I'm not hitching up with anyone till I'm at least thirty-five or more and have seen a little of the globe. You can't do that tied down to one house and one woman. It's no use to say anything though. Mom just purses her lips and says, "Well, we'll see," as if she knows everything. I know what she's thinking too.

Dave starts sharpening the butcher knife, which hasn't been sharpened since the last time he was out, and everybody laughs. He scolds Mom about the dull butcher knife. She doesn't believe in letting the kids play with sharp knives and Father keeps it pretty dull chopping wood with it to start a fire in the morning. He doesn't

finish sharpening the knife right off, though. The meat smells too good. I can feel it rumbling in my stomach already. He picks up a piece of hamburger right out of the frying pan and eats it with the hot grease hissing in his mouth and him blowing it cool. Mom doesn't even give him a lick across the hand with her fork, just goes on turning, not noticing, proud and happy over Dave because he comes in his uniform to see us and everybody has to admit he's one of the best looking boys in the state.

Grandma's heard the stir by now and the kids yelling that they're hungry and want a piece of meat. That's not unnatural if you could hear Father cuffing them and bellowing at them to behave. "You'd think you were wild children brought up in an Indian camp," he says. And Grandma comes into the kitchen from the bathroom. She doesn't say much. She's little and wrinkled and wrapped up in a shawl and a long skirt that scrunches her shoulders down. She's seventy-eight and she looks a lot older on account of the hard life she's had, four husbands, ten children, not counting the first one, and hard work all the time. I can remember myself the big washings she used to turn out even with most of her kids grown up, and the smell of the homemade lye-and-pig-fat soap.

When she sees that it's Dave scraping the butcher knife on the whetstone, she smiles real intelligently and pulls him over to her, knife and all. "My, I'm glad to see you. What a fine big boy you're getting to be. Such wide shoulders. Give your old Grandma a kiss." She pulls him down to her and he kisses her. She laughs as

happy as if she were forty years younger and he wasn't her grandson and kissed her. "My, it is good to see you. It is good."

Dave pats her on the cheek, which is as brown and tough as a carpet from her sitting in the sun. "You look younger every day. You're as fresh as a girl. If you weren't my grandmother, I'd be tempted to make love to you." Dave always was good at thinking up things like that. He used to read novels and romances by the hour.

"Oh, go on. I'm not that young looking." It's not hard to see she wishes she could really believe him, and the older she gets the more likely she is to actually believe him. "You just like to make me feel good. That's all. You just like to make me feel good."

"No kidding. If you were in a meadow, I'd pick flowers and chase you." I never could tell a person a lie like that no matter how good it made them feel. All the kids laugh, thinking how funny it'd look with Dave in his chauffeur's cap and gold buttons chasing Grandma in a meadow. Even Father laughs, and mother lifts the dripping pieces of hamburger from the spitting grease in the pan.

"Go on. You just like to make me feel good. You're a good boy." She holds his hand in hers and pats it.

"Hurry up," Donna tells Patty. "Get these darn dishes done." Patty pulls the dishes faster out of the gray dish water and Donna swipes at them with the soggy cloth she's using.

"Get a clean dish towel," Mom says, stirring flour into the pan. "And you, Ivor, put the dishes on the table."

"No, I won't." Ivor shadow boxes

flies from the middle of the room to the window and grabs a couple that aren't up on how fast he is. Some day he'll make a good athlete, fast like that. Catching flies by hand is good practise to make a man fast. I'll bet a lot of the big time boxers trained themselves when they were kids catching flies by hand. Ivor won the George Washington Grade School swimming and diving contest last year, and got that cup on the piano. It's not a very good cup, because it's turning black already, but it's what it represents, not what it is.

"Now, Ivor." Mom's face is red from the heat of the stove, and grease covers her arms and hands. The sun through the window burns a hot place on my back and shines through the blue smell curling up from the frying pan on the spattered stove. Four of the smaller kids climb on to the bench at my side with forks and stand up, waiting. If Mom doesn't make them squat down, they can get a better stab for the biggest piece when the meat hits the table. Usually she belts them one to teach them some etiquette and they have to grab at it from a sitting position. Lord knows they need some etiquette belted into them.

Ivor catches a couple of flies real fast, shadow boxes with some nice foot work over to the dishes and balances them on his head between the drain board and the table. He has good balance, that kid, and a mighty fine chest. Vitamins did that to him. Before civilization he would never have had a chest like that. Dave, of course, gets the plate without a crack, and Father cusses the kids for biting the silverware. He straightens out the tines of



the best fork for Dave. Our silverware never was so extra hot, and the depression hasn't helped it any. Grandma sits down at the corner of the table between Dave and me, and I can smell her real good. She always smells quite strong, not sweaty like Father or me, but more like Mom and Gertrude, my older married sister. Dave always smells real healthy like engine oil or polish. He has a shower all to himself in his room over the garage, and hot water. We've got a bath tub but we had to disconnect the tank on account of its hammering and banging and pounding as if it were going up through the roof any minute and take the roof with it. Naturally it's hard to heat water for the whole family on the stove, so the little kids get the first lick.

Right now the smallest ones are dragging chairs up to the table, and climbing up. They like to sit the way big people do. Maybe that's because they haven't discovered the advantage the height of the bench gives them, or maybe they're willing to give up the practicality of the bench for the satisfaction of feeling grown up and superior. I like to watch them fight for places. Dave and I are that way, we both like kids, and they seem to take to us. Donna and Patty are ashamed of the big family Father and Mom have, but I don't mind. If Father and Mom get a little happiness out of having a big family, why let them. There's not much you can do about it anyway.

"Now you children sit down and behave yourself." Mom looks real stern at them and they all plop down on their behinds, each one hitting the bench like a block of wood. You'd think some-

thing would break landing hard like that, but they all laugh and wave their forks. They're all good looking, and some of them no doubt will turn out to be movie actresses or something.

Mom opens the oven door and a puff of smell as big as the room crowds out of that little space, and I can see the bread baked a beautiful golden brown. It seems strange that so much smell could be packed into such a small hole. I guess a scientist could explain it easy enough, and I wish I had the money to take up chemistry and learn about things like that. Education is a wonderful thing. Just the same I don't know a thing that's better than opening an oven door on bread that's fresh-baked to a crisp golden. All the kids sniff like a pack of hounds and Donna and Patty laugh till the tears come to their eyes at the way the kids sniff. Even though Donna and Patty are ashamed of our big family, they like the little kids a lot, and they laugh at almost anything. Sometimes they'll laugh till they fall off their chairs when Dave says something real funny. So does every one else.

"I'm afraid you won't like this bread, Dave," Mom says. "That government flour doesn't seem as good as the other, and all they give you is white. You can't get any whole wheat or graham. Father's been constipated ever since we went on relief." Everybody laughs at that, even Father and the little kids. They don't know what constipation means but they laugh because everybody else is laughing. When Mom first mentioned that Dave wouldn't like the bread I was afraid Father would get sore, because he likes to be the one that's told he won't like

it. That gives him a chance to criticize the food. I guess Mom's remark about his constipation saved the day. He does have a remarkable time with his bowels.

"Are you getting much from the relief?" Dave asks.

"No." Mom forgets about Dave being there and looks tired again. "Thirty dollars a month for this big family isn't enough, even if you don't pay the rent."

"Yes," Father says, frowning at his plate. "A family of two or three could get along on that like kings. But we got more than two or three."

"And no work, I suppose?"

"Naw." Father snorts through his nose. "Nothing. Who's going to build or do anything in times like these?"

Father is a first class A number one draftsman but he might as well be a Chinese chop stick carver for all the good it's done him since the depression started. I don't like to hear him start harping about the depression because it doesn't do any good and makes everybody feel miserable. I always feel as if I were sponging off the family, and if it weren't for making Mom feel so bad, I'd hit the road again. You can at least live even if it does get pretty cold at nights; and you're not sponging off anybody.

Mom saves the day though. She's known Father so long she knows just what to do. "Well, everything's ready. Everybody sit up. Father, you say the blessing." Mom always has the blessing said before she brings the food to the table. That way nobody can snitch during the blessing and everybody gets

an even break as well as preserving the sacredness of the blessing.

All the little kids squinch their eyes tight. Mom, Dave, Father, and Grandma bow their heads, and I keep my eyes away from Patty and Donna so they won't snicker. "Our Father in Heaven, We thank Thee for Thy bounteous blessings and this roof we have over our head. We thank Thee for the opportunity of living in this glorious country, this land of the free, and we thank Thee for our government. Do thou, Oh, Lord, guide him at the helm that he may steer safely through dangerous shoals that beset us. We thank Thee for the food spread before us, and ask that Thy blessing may rest upon it. Also, Oh, Lord, we ask Thee to open up an opportunity that we may obtain work and again be able to provide those things which are necessary. Amen."

Mom brings the bowl of steaming white boiled potatoes, and gives two to Dave, two to Father, and one to Grandma. She sets it in the center of the table and jerks her hand away real quick. "Now, children . . ."

But the kids on the bench jump up, stab at the bowl all at the same time, each one for himself, some dropping potatoes on the table, and the smallest start crying because they can't reach it fast enough from their chairs. It makes me sick the way kids always howl that way. After I settle down, I'm not going to try to populate a whole state all by myself. Father jerks the bowl away, cuffing a few hands, and gives potatoes to the smaller ones.

"My, haven't they an appetite," Grandma says. "I've never seen anything like it." That's one of the sen-



tences she knows real well and scarcely ever forgets. She must have used it a lot during her lifetime.

"Yes, it's not everyone's children that can eat like that." Mom brings the meat and it leaves the platter as if something had exploded in the center. Then the gravy skids around the table, spilling and slopping. The smallest ones try to use a fork but the older ones on the bench are in the practical age. "Look at those hands," Mom says.

"Well, it's clean dirt," Grandma says (that's another of the sentences she has down real well), and she's as busy as anyone else.

Mom slices the hot steaming bread and it goes the rounds too, but not as fast as the meat or potatoes. I don't know what tastes better than good brown hamburger, boiled potatoes smothered with a thick coating of seasoned gravy, and hot steaming bread. By this time the kids on the bench are through and slide under the table, between the legs of the grown ups and out the door into the sunlight. A couple of them have shoes good enough to hold in most of their toes, but the others haven't and Father is plenty worried how to get shoes for them for winter. Ivor doesn't wear a shirt, and I think it's a good thing he had it torn off his back in a fight. It gives his skin a chance to absorb the good out of the sun and ought to help make a big time boxer out of him. With me it would be embarrassing to go to Sunday School without a shirt, but Ivor doesn't seem to mind.

Now that everyone's not so hungry and the young ones have cleared out, conversation starts up and pretty soon Father, Dave, and Mom are going it

real fast. Donna and Patty listening with all their eyes, waiting for Dave to say something funny. Grandma has to have coffee for her heart, and she sips it black and watches Dave more than anything. The conversation skips up above her but she enjoys it anyway, just being around people who don't cut her out or think she's sponging on them.

"Every time I see that scene, I like it better." Dave nods his chauffeur's cap toward the snow scene Donna painted on green paper in school last year and Ivor nailed right at the top of the big crack in the wall paper that loops down to the wide piece Donna dug loose from the plaster year before last and curled out like a ski jump.

Both Donna and Patty laugh, because they know as well as anybody else that Dave is joking and those trees don't look like real pines covered with snow.

"No really, I think Donna should study art. Those boys that paint signs and pictures for the movies and the magazines make plenty of money."

"Yes, she might do all right." Father leans back in his chair, picking his teeth, and studies Donna thoughtfully. "There's a lot of art talent in her forehead . . ." He belches a belch that shakes him from the chair to the top of his head, really a fine belch that doubles up the two girls laughing. They laugh so hard even Father smiles a little, and he forgets what he was going to say.

Mom cuts into her potato and meat and eats slowly and without much ambition. Considering all the work she has to do it's a wonder she isn't in bed. I'll bet there's not many women who

could do what Mom and Grandma's done without climbing in bed and making their husbands hire a maid. Besides waving the flies away from her own dish, she takes care of Grandma's coffee cup too. Flies have a dumb habit of trying to land on coffee, and they always get caught. Grandma just lifts them out with her spoon and goes on sipping, which isn't so good, as flies carry bacteria. I guess she could stand a fly or two though after four husbands and ten children, not counting the first one.

Of course Father and Dave got to talking right off about politics and the relief and I almost decided to get up and leave. Politics always end up in bad feelings and they don't bother me much because I can always climb a freight and live off the land. If times get too tough you can always get something to eat at a jail or steal something and get thrown in. Of course the family can't do that, so I don't blame Father for worrying about politics. I knew Dave couldn't stay long. He has to watch his job even if it does pay only forty dollars a month. At that he's getting ten dollars more than us and no one to support. He leans back in his chair and I wait for it to cave under him. I know that chair is ready to go any time, and it would be real funny to see him sitting on the floor all at once. I almost laughed thinking how it would double up Patty and Donna. If Dave thought of it I knew he would try to make it cave and laugh himself sick thinking how funny he looked in his uniform all sprawled on the floor.

Dad was just finishing up how everybody ought to support the government

one hundred percent in its effort to get us out of the morass when Dave thought of something funny, and he had to tell us: how he was in the Buckstrom's house, thinking nobody was home, of how Mrs. Buckstrom looked when he walked into their bathroom and there she was all naked taking a bath. The chair nearly caved with him when he doubled over laughing, thinking about her expression, and I laughed until the dust shook down out of the window curtain over my head and made me sneeze. Dave can make anyone laugh when he laughs. His hair jumps down across his forehead, the tears run out of his eyes, and he bends over, clenching his teeth, and shaking his head.

Dave explained to Grandma about the Buckstroms having a built-in purple bathtub just like the advertisements in the better class magazines.

"A purple bathtub," she said. "My, who ever thought of that?"

Dave had to stand up, he laughed so hard. And the way his teeth shined and he held his stomach and the tears ran down his cheek. I never did see any one that could laugh as hard as he could.

Grandma tried her coffee with her finger and sipped the way Father sips soup. She laughed deep down inside, pleased that her mind was in such good condition today and not all crumbled away. It was good to see the way she and Dave looked at each other, she being so old and he so young and her grandson. They understood each other, I guess. He gave her a big kiss before he left, and she patted him on the back. "My, you're a fine looking man."



Every time I thought of the way Grandma said, "A purple bathtub!" I had to laugh that afternoon. It still seems funny to me, especially when I think of Mrs. Buckstrom naked and Dave walking in.

It's good to live in an age that has men like Dave. He cheers things up a lot and makes it easier to get through the depression. As soon as times get

better I figure he'll help Father buy a white brick house in the country and I'll bet he spends half his time in Grandma's room, even if she gets battier than she is now. He might even get me a job with Mr. Buckstrom. No doubt Mr. Buckstrom will expand after the depression and need help. Dave is just the fellow to know for getting in on something like that.

### RETROSPECT

MARGARET TRUSLER

See how the trading stands:  
The customers more critical and few,  
The price marked down on what has not been sold. . . .  
Yes, we are old.  
Days are shorter now, and hands  
More difficultly placed in things to do.

If it is really true,  
And not something it pleases you to tell,  
That I have been in everything you touch,  
Then does it matter much?  
If I had not forgotten you,  
You would not have remembered me so well.

### GENEALOGY

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

Soon shall this flesh, this bone,  
Bloom like a subtle flower,  
Which, when the seed is sown,  
Waxes its hour.

So do this mouth, these eyes,  
For their own hour unfold,  
Budding in fresh surprise,  
Roots thrust in mold.

For these weak limbs, these hands,  
Clasped in your brief embrace,  
Move to the dim commands  
Dead fingers trace.

As from the charnel earth  
Stem, seed, spring deathlessly,  
We, bringing life to birth,  
Frustrate mortality.

## UNITED AIR LINES, WESTBOUND

TED OLSON

These hills are ours (we said)—ours, and the hawk's  
That rides the swelling breakers of the wind.  
There is no rumor in these ancient rocks  
Of that unhappy race that strove and sinned  
In legendary anguish. Here (we said)  
In peace serene as stone we shall forget  
The nightmare tale of claws outstretched for bread,  
Lips fanged with hate, and bomb, and bayonet.

Here there is peace (we said). And then the world  
Roared up the wind, a bright and insolent thing.  
Steel against echoing stone its challenge hurled.  
Cold in the shadow of its cormorant wing  
We cowered, mute, no longer gods, but men,  
Fear at our throats, doom in our ears again.

## DIAMETER OF ETERNITY

LAWRENCE A. HARPER

for time has only raised one corner of  
the blankets that it sleeps beneath  
the best  
of men will sample soft decay  
will love  
and breed too many awkward sons unblest  
with knowledge of an end  
before the warm  
impassioned hips that wait will be revealed  
(these might be words the gods would speak  
but harm  
and vocal travesties are all concealed  
when gods sit silent in their caves  
so gods  
speak not)  
and first I think it was the song  
of early minstrel told of how the pods  
(the stars)  
of space would spread their fruit along  
the gap and die  
before the blankets give  
one sight of flesh  
(so gods and men may live)



# AN OKLAHOMA NIGHT

PAUL ELDRIDGE

THROUGH the mellow Oklahoma night five boys in a T-Model Ford careered madly somewhere. Pursued by nothing save their own impetuous and precipitate natures, they rode as if an army were on their trail. Yet no conscience could have been more clean than Pete's or Red's, no citizen more law-abiding than Razz or King or Cotton: they were only going to Nigger Town to buy a gallon of choc.

Careening over the tracks, the Ford rattled down the rutty road in front of the darkened row of shacks. At the last shack Pete stopped with a lurch, and a man came negligently out of the shadows. Red approached him and engaged in a business conversation. When the man vanished, Red collected a half dollar from the crowd.

"It's going to be a dollar."

The Dark Town bootlegger returned and handed him the choc.

"If you bring the jug back, you get six bits refund," he said indifferently as he took himself away.

Pete sprawled out in the empty front seat and announced:

"I'm a drunk son-of-a-gun."

It seemed to be a signal, for two Negro girls, spectral in the dusk of the road, sidled to the car.

The boys began kidding Cotton, the youngest boy, in the back seat, a debutant in this society. They offered to lend him money.

Characteristic of all the adventure was the uncertainty of it. There was no planned outcome—except in the mind of Cotton who had planned to have nothing to do with it. The oth-

ers present followed always their instincts.

A shine of light from a coming car caught the group.

"It's Art Bell—the law!"

The Negro girls scattered like quail.

The marshal passed and came back slowly. In tense silence the boys waited, ignoring the jug. Then Razz jumped out to crank the car. Pete pulled out the spark; it caught: the Ford rocked and rattled. Out of the dusk a figure ran and dove into the back seat as they jolted away.

"We like to left ol' Red," grinned Pete.

He drove recklessly on by the river. A light followed.

"Slow down, Pete," called a voice in the back seat. "I don't want to get shot. Just us two here."

"Where's the other one—where's Red?"

The light behind them had stopped, not being Art after all.

"This ain't Red," announced Razz. "Hey, who is this back here? Who the heck are you?"

"We got somebody else in here," quavered Cotton.

Whether Red had abandoned them in the melee or what, they weren't going back to that policed district to find out. They turned to the stowaway to explain himself.

"No, I'm not Red—I'm Jerry. I wanted to see that dance. And I thought you might be going. So I jumped in your car back there from Nigger town."

"You the feller Art was hunting?" asked Pete curiously.

"Yep," said Jerry. He appeared slightly older than the boys. He did not explain why he was a fugitive and the boys did not ask. The night began to beckon to them—mysterious, promising.

"Where is that dance, Ol' Timer?" asked Pete with interest.

"Out in the Osage—at Dutch Buck-et's, and man! it'll be a real one—I don't mean not. They're Osages throwin' it, and they'll give you everything to eat. These clowns round here don't know what a dance is—compared to an Osage dance."

"Let's go," said Pete to Razz.

"Pour it on," said Razz.

"Which way?" asked Pete.

"West," said the fugitive importantly.

And so the boys headed west. Where they were going, where they had lost Red, or what came next, mattered little. They were on their way.

They drove through the pale land of Osage. There was a full moon—the last night of it. Past a pop-stand by the road-side they swerved to where, far off in a depression, flared either headlight or gas-torch. Down a long prairie hill they lurched to a bungalow set stark in the short grass of the cow country. Staring new it was in the moonlight—stamp of the *bona-fide* residence of an Osage Indian. Behind this residence was a large square barn with an electrically-lighted loft.

"Gee! He's got juice way out here," said Pete. "Ain't money grand!"

A fleet of cars was parked before this barn. The boys drew up, got out in the shadow on the far side of their car, drew out a jug. Each took a pull. The choc tasted slick and sour—like a mixture of soap and vinegar. Tingling, they went

tentatively up to the dance. The music sounded sad and poor. Climbing the steps into the new loft with its benches on sides, they espied the "caller," and bought a number for a dollar.

Cotton stood peeping in at the doorway, his impudent gamin face gleaming under the big hat which he kept as checkboy for Razz.

The stowaway had pushed in first of all and got him a girl. He talked loudly, and the other boys, grouped along the wall with their unused numbers, watched him gravely. None of his remarks to his girl was confidential, and he soon attracted attention.

"You stand here—we always put mules on the left," he said to the *passee* blonde he had picked. She giggled and hit at him.

He had obtained his dance without an introduction, but he did not, the boys noticed—except in the set where all on the floor intermingled—dance with an Osage. He danced with the girls of the adventurous nocturnal type that were habitués of these country dances: girls who were telephone operators, "hashers," by day. Then the boys transferred their gaze to the aristocracy.

The hostess was a girl of gentle brown face and coal-black bobbed hair. She wore a silk tan dress, tan stockings, and tan shoes. On her brown hand were three diamonds. She danced the square with the ease and lightness of thistle-down—*distracte*—as if she could dance and think of something else. She had an odd nose and a poor profile and a large mouth, and yet was appealing: they took her for a Delaware or Cherokee girl married into the Nation. When the women went in and out the circle in the figure, she leaned back and slightly swayed. Her exuberant husband, a



short young man in a brown sweater and a wide black hat, whose face beamed with a good nature not too squeamish, stomped and "called."

From Dutch and his wife, the boys' gaze strayed to a tall dark-haired girl in a red print dress. She had a haughty look and held her arms in self-conscious grace.

"She drives that Packard," hissed Pete. "Hot dam!"

Beside her stood a long waspish Osage youth, immaculate in grey trousers pressed to a razor fineness of edge. His legs seemed ironed; his white shirt flattened over his thin chest—he was lathy. Over the shirt spread a gorgeous blue tie. He had black hair combed straight back and cut long, a deep good voice, and a pleasant look.

"Who's that?" Pete asked a stoic in Stetson at his side.

The misogynist turned and gave the questioner a hard stare.

"Dude Fare," he said.

The name carried authority, if not information, and Pete repeated it to the others.

"Say! There's Irene Filigree," said Razz. "Her dad's ranch joins ours east of Copan. I'm going to get this square with her."

He made his way to a slight bobbed-haired child in a plaid skirt who appeared a graceful dancer and so fresh-looking that she looked as though she could dance all night and be young the next morning. Soon he stood up on the floor with her. His shyness, his quietness, his awkwardness were boy-typical, but he was adventuring.

Pete and King did not square but watched the crowd.

"You can tell all the hashers by the rings on their arms," said Pete keenly.

"How?"

"They wear greasy rings on their arms."

"And the laundry queens have singed eyebrows and eyelashes," said King.

But as soon as the next round dance was announced, they got themselves two laundry queens and began to push round the floor.

They had scarcely begun when the orchestra stopped, and the boys had to prospect again.

Cotton, nudging Pete in the back, murmured: "Let's go."

Pete snorted.

Later Razz said tentatively:

"Cotton wants to go."

"He brought himself out here. Let him walk back," said Pete with hostility.

"Ah, let me have the car key," said Razz. "I'll take him. He's a kid."

Pete was going good with a telephone operator and like a somnambulist he handed over the key.

"I'll go with you boys," offered King, who was temporarily girl-less, and the three picked their way down the ladder steps and through the cars in the cool night to the Ford.

"Cotton's sister's waiting for him in Cloudy," said Razz. "She went to the picture show. It's 12 o'clock now, and she's like to be out in the street in the car waiting all by herself for him to come and take her out home. Say! Who's this?"

"Hi, boys!" said Jerry, rising unexpectedly from the front seat. "My girl done left me, and I come out here to take a lit'l snort."

"We got to use the car," said Razz impersonally.

Jerry surrendered it with good na-

ture, his loud animal spirits causing him to assert:

"Well, I'm going to prospect. Columbus discovered America. I might discover a quart." And off he went.

"It's goodbye to our choc," said King, hefting the jug. "Why he didn't drink a bit," he added, puzzled at the swash.

"He sure makes himself at home, that guy," criticized Cotton.

They crawled into the damp Ford.

"We got to make it snappy to get back to the dance," said Razz.

Here, outside, the glamor of the dance began to possess them again. Already the fiddle music for another round floated down—dying away as they began their wild ride through the cool night, through the fog veils of the river, over the land bathed in white. Razz devoted his attention to the road and King sang blues. The Midnight Meteor was just pulling out as they put Cotton on it and came back.

On the way back, coming out of town, they lost the road and stopped by Smelter Town to ask the way of a girl and man whose car was stalled at a nearby filling station.

The man passed on, but the girl walked with swaying seduction to their running-board. "Howdy, you-all—got a match?" She smiled at them impartially with painted lips. As she lighted her cigarette, her painted eyes seemed pretty to them, and her speech was easy. But she refused to desert the fellow with the stalled car, and they went on to the dance.

Evidently the revelry was still in sway, for a Lincoln running without lights as noiselessly as if on skates, was the only car they passed, as they neared the bungalow.

"Hey! Put on your lights!" called Razz. The shout rang out in the cool night air.

But the dance was nearing conclusion when they again scaled the ladder. They had forgotten to look for their friend—but Pete sat over against the wall, and they joined him.

A tall woman in a dark blue dress of white polkadots and much red lace—a woman who wore white sport shoes and white stockings came over to them and asked with the assurance of one to the manner born:

"Won't you boys come and have something to eat?"

"Come on, gang," said Razz.

A tub of sandwiches, a wash-boiler of coffee, and an array of tin cups filled one corner. White crocks of pickles also sat on the floor.

The crowd was already beginning to disperse, and the three made their way to the door. Someone upraised his voice lustily from the ground below in a call for Dude Fare, and Dude stuck out his head in the dark.

"Dude, did you have a blanket in your car?"

"Yes."

"Well, it ain't there now."

"Somebody made me for it—maybe they just borrowed it. I lost a forty dollar one last Cloudy dance."

"Did you have a car?"

"Yeh. My Lincoln."

"Well, you ain't now."

"What in—?"

"Say!" said King, still making away with a sandwich, "A Lincoln without lights passed us ten minutes ago on the road to town."

Dude stared at him a moment, then slid down the ladder. Dutch, host, trod on his fingers. With unanimity the two



crawled into the latter's racer. There was the noise of the cut-out. Before the Osage girls could crowd in the door—and besiege the loiterers with their soft excited questions, the red tail-light had climbed the hill. Pete, Razz, and King hurried to their own conveyance. But the Ford was still there.

Through the Oklahoma night—or morning—they set out. Their night was over—they were tired—and yet, because they were the boys they were, adventure still lay before them, withdrawing always beyond the reckless yellow ray of their headlight, but always there in front, unseen.

At the pop-stand, in the shadow of the flickering gas-torch, a big car stood stranded in the empty road.

"Say, that's Dude Fare's car!" cried Razz.

Pete slid out and hastened to it. A man sagged over the steering-wheel. And the man was Jerry! A dark stain on his light shirt, Jerry looked smaller, less aggressive. And outside was Oklahoma night, mystery, adventure.

"Hey, get away from there," called a voice from the pop-stand. "Dude and Dutch's gone to town for the coroner. We don't want nobody to get near him till we have the inquest."

"Heck, you don't have an inquest for a live man," said Pete.

"That don't matter," said the self-deputized watcher coming forward, and Pete went back to his party.

"Was it ol' Jerry?" asked Razz eagerly.

"Yep—still a-breathing—but he's a goner."

"I bet ol' Dutch and Dude caught him up here and Dutch let loose with his smoke-wagon," said King.

"Sure he did," said Razz.

As Pete wildly and erratically drove forward, Razz said: "Slow down at this ditch. They threw three men in here the other day. Didn't even bury 'em."

No one of the three mentioned the shooting again—it didn't concern them, in their complete acceptance of life as it's lived in the present tense.

Pete pulled up at the Cloudy Quick Lunch Cafe. The boys stretched their legs, stalked in, ordered coffee, and kidded the waitress.

"Say, Pete," she said, "you missed it. You ought to have been here tonight to have seen the tenth episode in the Perils of Pauline. Pauline got the jewels and jumped out of Chu's airplane right on top of a runaway freight train and in the hands of another Chink—"

Pete's eyes glistened. "Gee, I wish I had!"

## OLD THEME

MARY HALLET

A world of banners and of fame  
Was his. She had no part

In any high emprise, and yet  
He wore her on his heart,

A lovely flower; her faint perfume  
Pervaded all his thought.

And neither of them ever guessed  
What miracles it wrought.

## SONG TO EXPLAIN A LATE OREGON SETTLER

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

Remembering most Ohio—and not only  
Her clover-ruddy Junes, her August corn  
Fresh in the milk, nor alone her lonely  
Frost-brilliant autumns with the fieldside thorn  
Lanterned with berries—he has never sought  
To still her pigeons brooding in the gables  
Of red brick barns: birds of pastoral thought,  
The central music of his youthful fables.  
In fields far distant now, he is not quick  
To seek another music, having these:  
Ohio's seasons—every snuffless wick  
Of rose and autumn bough, and snowy tease  
Of winter at the root . . . having as well  
The rock-eroded summit, the clean scrawl  
Of rivers, and Pacific's epic swell.  
These are a double harmony the pulse  
Finds fierce and sweet to make a kindred song:  
Remembering pigeons lest the pastoral dulls,  
Leaning toward mountains for the tunes more strong.

## LUMBERJACK

MARY J. ELMENDORF

John Klog was a lumberjack  
With a granite jaw,  
Born of a big blond Dane  
And a Blackfoot squaw.

His voice was the log-boom's roar;  
His eyes, a storm;  
But the grin that slashed his broad face  
Was frequent and warm.

As much a whelp of the wilds  
As the bear was he,  
Free as the rough March wind  
Or the harborless sea.

He spoke the language of pine  
And pinnacled peak;  
He heard the tongues of rock  
And river speak.



He loved the ring of the axe  
And the donkey's clangor;  
He loved the summer's good will,  
The winter's white anger.

And he wrote it all in a book  
When work was slack—  
The heart of the wilds in the words  
Of a lumberjack;

And jaded readers acclaimed  
The logger's lore,  
Beating a hurried path  
To his uncouth door

And coaxing his big, shy feet  
And brawny frame  
To a publisher's lair in town  
And ephemeral fame.

"So long," he promised his mates,  
Reluctant to go;  
"You'll find me back in God's woods  
Before the first snow."

Then teas and fine clothes, gibble-gabble,  
Reception and dinner.  
Klog's eyes went dizzy and homesick;  
His figure, thinner.

Sevres plates were easy to break.  
The grub was absurd.  
No bear-meat or beans or sow-belly—  
Just seed for a bird.

So he packed his grip and bellowed  
Goodbye to the place  
Just as a wisp of a woman  
Smiled up in his face.

(Against the impalpable force  
Of an Aphrodite,  
What are mere brains or brawn,  
Seasoned or mighty?)

Her eyes were fringed and pencilled;  
Her lips were red;  
Her chatter mirrored the void  
In her hennaed head.

Yet Klog in her hands was putty,  
As lamblike and pliant  
As, under the siren of Sorek,  
The Nazarite giant.

And he gave his heart to the witch  
With his worldly goods  
Before the first snow fell  
In his far-off woods.

But a sybarite's potion is poison  
To woodsmen, or so it's written,  
And the ways of a bear cannot mate  
With whims of a kitten.

And, so, one morning Klog woke  
In his love-nest alone  
To find, with the night, his cash  
And his lady flown.

He sighed like a vagrant Chinook  
And he swore a while,  
But shortly his cursing stilled  
To a slow, wry smile.

He thought of his sleepy forests  
Just slipping the winter's  
White clutch and he longed for their peace  
As overspent sprinters

Long for the goal—it was, O  
For the feel of the paces  
Again on his feet, in his hand  
The haft of an axe!

So, back to his hills, his woods,  
And his work he went,  
Weary, wary, and wiser,  
But strangely content.

"I'm back again, boys, and I'm back  
To stay," he said.

"It's the uncut timber for me  
This time till I'm dead.

"Big towns and women are spicy  
To chew at your ease,  
But God's hills for a he-man's fodder—  
God's hills and His trees!"



## A KIND OF A SUNSET

ERLING LARSEN

THE fields south of the farm were soaked black in the spring with the rains and they shone glossy black and grey and swept away to the southern hills which were green shiny in the rain with the first spring growths. And on the hills you could see her walking in the high places where the wind blew so she doubled against it while her wet skirts blew tight around her legs and her hair plastered to her face as wet leaves plaster against tangled tree-roots in the woods in the rain. But as she walked the wild screaming wind died with the light dying toward evening and the rain became a drizzle coming softly down like a heavy mist in the air and breathing she could almost breathe the rain.

Coming down from the hills walking north to the farm she could see the buildings of the farm and one light in the barn and one in the house yellow in the fading day. She left the grass of the hills and came through the new-plowed fields with the mud catching on her shoes and in the big field south of the barn she stopped to watch the flickering light in the barn window. It was almost dark now and she watched the light from the oil lantern and saw how it came from the window and caught on one big clod turned up beside the stone foundation of the barn. She leaned over to touch the clump of earth but when she did the light went from it and when she stood up the light came back. She tried again but when she leaned the least bit the light was gone from the clod and the earth was shiny oil black with no yellow light at all.

She stayed there in the field south

of the barn watching the window until the night came on and the two lights, the one in the barn and the one in the house, were bright yellow in the black of night and there was no more rain and the air stood not moving but damp and cool against her hot face. And when it was dark she pulled her feet from the mud and walked around to the gate in the fence leading into the yard. Her feet squashed in the mud and made sucking sounds in the dark and when she reached the gate she could see only the light in the house, but she could hear sounds from the barn of milk spurting into a pail and of animals moving now and then and the sound of a young boy's voice talking to the animals and then singing or humming a little while he milked.

The girl stood a moment by the gate and then lifted her wet skirts and climbed between the rails. On the other side her feet slipped on wet grass and she put her hands into the grass to help herself and felt it cool in her hands. The boy was still singing in the barn. The light from the house shone bright reflecting in the wet grass and lighting up one circle of muddy flowerbeds by the sagging front porch. A shadow passed across the window and the front door creaked and the girl saw her mother pass by the flowerbeds with a black shawl wrapped about her head. She could see her mother in the light by the flowerbeds walking stooped over in the back but with her head high. The girl moved toward the barn.

"Helen," the mother said.

The girl stopped.

"Where you been?"

"I went down to the pasture hill," the girl said.

"And no hat."

The girl passed a wet hand over her forehead and pushed the soaking hair back on her head.

"The rain feels cool," she said.

"It ain't right your gallivanting ways," the mother said. "It ain't right you carrying on this way."

"I'm a good girl otherwise," the girl said. "I ain't sinning overmuch except as natural man is sinful by nature."

"And I don't want you in the barn with him there."

The wind was coming up a little now again and it began to rain again a fine cold rain blowing easily with the wind through the light by the flowerbeds and the two women stood together there in the yard in the rain looking at one another, the mother bent but with her head high so her neck came from her back at an odd upsticking angle and the girl straight bareheaded with her face to the heavy mist blowing through the yard. High above them a wire on the windmill squeaked and rattled in the wind.

"I ain't seen a man on this here farm yet that wouldn't of been glad to have his way with you," the mother said.

"None has," the girl said.

"Your own father even."

"You chased him off for nothing. He was good. God don't like for us to take punishment in our own hands."

"I didn't. And times we nearly have to. But he wanted off, he always wanted off somewhere, and I said to him to go and he went. He was a blasphemer he was and an evil man."

The boy in the barn was singing

again and once his voice talking low to the animals came to them in the yard.

"Why don't you tell him?" the mother said.

"What?"

"There ain't no use him hanging around."

The girl did not answer.

"I ain't being hard on you," the mother said. "I only want you kept the way you are for God."

The girl stood very straight listening to the rattling in the windmill high in the dark.

"I had evil desires tonight ma," she said.

"I knew it when I see you walking in the rain."

"Ma is God as hard as you say he is?"

"He hates sinners. Thats why I say to forget your father."

"He hates all sinners," the girl said repeating in a singsong voice.

"Come on in and get yourself dry," the mother said.

They walked together toward the house, the mother with her arm around the daughter's waist.

"It's very hard to understand how God is the way he is," the girl said.

They went around the muddy flowerbeds and up the steps to the porch where the door stood open an inch and light spilled in a long finger over the wet wooden flooring making deep shadows in the inchwide cracks. The mother opened the door wide and they went in closing their eyes against the light for a moment.

"It's kind of different when he ain't here," the girl said opening her eyes.

An oil lamp burned on a table in the



middle of the room and shone in a gold cross on a Bible cover under it. A pair of glasses lay folded on the Bible cover.

"There's no tobacco smell," the girl said.

The old woman walked around the room. The girl watched her thin face that looked as though she shivered all the time with cold and her small tight mouth tight shut to keep her teeth from chattering.

"You ought to pray more," the mother said.

The girl stood by the window now seeing nothing but the wet pane streaming water outside catching the gleam of the lamp.

"It was nice on the pasture hill," she said. "There was a kind of a sunset even with all the rain."

"You had evil thoughts," the mother said.

"I think they was evil."

"You ought to pray more."

"I will," the girl said watching the water on the window. "I want to now. I felt all afternoon I wanted to but I didn't. I want to now. I will alone up in the barn alone." She opened the door and the sound of water dripping in the trees came into the room.

"Alone," the mother said.

"Yes."

"All right. You need to pray."

The girl went slowly through the yard. The boy was in the milk-house now. She could hear the separator whining now high now low as the boy's weight went on the crank. The light from the milk-house window shone on the front of the dark red barn so she could see the name painted in white Meadowbrook Holstein and her great

shadow lessening as she came nearer and nearer the barn. The door was open a very little and she squeezed through into the silent dark inside where she leaned against the beams of the door until she could see the white forms of the cows down the long aisle and the shapes of the stalls in the dark. The animals moved a very little in the dark now and then and their breathing was heavily irregular in the heavy air. She could smell the cows wet with the rain and the fresh milk smell in the air and the hay and straw. It was warm in the barn.

She turned and looked out the small opening of the door and saw the light still in the milk-house. The whine of the separator came to her even here in the barn. A drift of cool air came through the door and she walked out into it into the rain again toward the light. Standing in the milk-house door she saw the lantern hung on a nail and the boy bending up and down over the crank of the separator so shadows came and went along his back where the muscles showed through his wet blue shirt.

"Can I have a drink?" she said.

The boy looked up. He was young and the light caught in the fine yellow hairs along his jaws.

"I didn't hear you with the machine going," he said.

"I want a drink."

"Sure."

He poured the warm frothy milk from a pail into the cup he took from the wire hanging on the pump handle. He watched her drink.

"I never could do that," he said.

"I always could."

"I grew up in the city."

She tilted the cup high and drained the last warm drops.

"I never knew there was pretty girls like you in the country."

The girl dropped the tin cup on the cement floor and went through the rain again to the barn. When she had climbed the ladder into the hayloft she closed the trapdoor after her and lay down panting in the dusty hay. There was not much hay now that it was spring and the animals had been eating all the winter through and it was very dusty but she lay in it panting and smelling the dry earthy smell of it. The rain drummed on the roof of the barn and echoed through the big loft. She lay listening to it until she was breathing easily again lying on her back feeling the wet soaking through her dress to her skin and feeling the water in her shoes like a warm foam working between her toes when she moved them. The sound of the rain was loudly insistent in the dark and almost buried under it the little sounds of moving beasts in the barn below but suddenly through the dreamlike monotony of humming rain she heard a new strange sound of feet swishing through the straw below and then she heard the ladder creak.

She sat up stiff-backed listening. Her hands opened and closed clutching at the dry hay. And just as she saw the dim shape of the trapdoor lifting in the dark and his head coming level with the floor she jumped to her feet and slammed the trapdoor shut. She heard him yell and then hit the floor and after that there was no sound as she sat on the trapdoor shivering with a sudden cold that ran through her body making her legs twitch and her neck muscles go tight

and loose quickly like the muscles flexing in a horse's shoulder when you whip it.

For a long time she did not hear even the rain. She prayed aloud in the loft so her words echoed back to her and she asked God for forgiveness for evil thinking and thanked him for delivering her from evil and after a long time she heard the rain again and her muscles went smooth again and she felt all warm as she had felt before when standing in the milk-house door drinking the frothy milk.

Slowly she lifted the trapdoor and went down the ladder. It was very dark in the barn where the ladder came down behind the stalls and in the dark her feet went against his body lying there and she moved carefully across his legs stretched out in the narrow passage and groped toward the dull glow of a lantern turned very low over by the big door. She took the light and turned it up and came back to find the boy lying with a small smile on his face. She touched his curly hair and his head moved and fell toward one side on his neck with the neck bent strangely sharply near where it came from his shoulders. His shirt was torn loose at the throat and his chest was dead white contrasting with the brown red which sun and wind had made his throat. She put her hand into his open shirt but could not feel his heart beating and she put her head down on his chest listening and kneeled that way listening with one hand inside his shirt and after a while she buttoned the shirt and arranged it around his throat and ran her fingers through his hair again pushing it from his forehead. She straightened his bent knees and put an arm under his shoulders and laid him



straight in the dusty hay that had fallen from the too full mangers and when her arm came from under him her hand brought dusty hay with it and she put a wisp of it in his hands crossed on his chest. The light made deep shadows in his eye-sockets and under his chin as she set the lantern carefully in the hay by his head and once again she touched his hands and the hay in them and brushed the hay and dust from his body before she walked to the door and out into the rain.

The wind had come up again and it whistled through the trees rustling the fresh young leaves and made a strange screaming noise in the windmill stays. It was very dark in the yard now and raining hard again and the only light was that in the house shining on the muddy flowerbeds. The girl stood in the rain looking at the light and twisting a wisp of hay she held in her hand until it broke into small pieces with the twisting and with the rain falling on it soaking it.

### DEAD-INDIAN LEDGE

RALPH A. MICKEN

Seeking sand drifts in the blanket folds  
Pushing the fabric to the body lines,  
Whispering sand sifts down on Deep Breast,  
Searching drift-fingers clutch at his robe  
Smooth the flesh away from high cheek bones  
Caressing  
Melting the flesh to new alliance.  
In a rotting blanket Deep Breast  
Lies on a sandstone ledge  
Barren and weathered  
Where the hawk's bitter cry echoes  
Against the stolid marching river cliffs,  
And the sun  
Each day makes sharper shadows  
On the gray rock by the changing head,  
And the unhurried sand  
Works on.

### CIRCUMFERENCE

MARGARET HARRIMAN

All things love the round of a circle:  
Bird wings curve in the sky,  
The song that wells from the throat of a lover,  
The loved one's yielding sigh.  
The waves of the sea, in the moon's embrace,  
Hold the rhythm of time in the round of space.

## MAIN STREET: PINES AND DRAGONS

MICHAEL TEMPEST

Tong of Hoy On,  
Tong of On Leong,  
Tong of Hip Sing,  
Tong of Ming Gai Hong,  
Flux and flow, uneven welding line  
of an uneven world.

Plip! Plip!

Water drops drip like round glass pellets.  
Clouds slide dimly on dingy panes.  
Glittering like crinkled tinfoil in the sunlight  
Thaw water sparkles and flashes in the gutter.

Smooth, dull shop windows form dusty shrines  
For transposed treasures from brass-bellied chests;  
Gilt and blue, green and gold, maroon.  
Tea in bulged parcels, fragrant with shriveled buds  
Of jasmine flowers.  
Glinting gold-fish in thick glass drums,  
Sandstone vases like mottled eggshell,  
Sprouting bulbs in a wicker basket,  
And canvas gloves.

In the province of Ti,  
By the saw-edged mountains  
And an unbroken waterfall,  
Lacquer dragon heads  
Spit melted snow streams.

Plip! Sheets of sooty water flag and sputter from tiles,  
Dribble from the facade of a second-hand store. Little  
Doll children laugh under it.  
Lee T'sai's skeleton, parchment covered, walks forth  
Of an afternoon. The faint sickle moon has last night seen  
The ancient hills of China. Lanterns shine falsely  
In chow-mein parlors. Fish tanks cloud unnoticed; their keepers  
Must appear, disappear, balance trays, count change.

Stand in a doorway, Lee T'sai, silently. Stand back for  
Your daughter in mink. Let your frail body sway in the  
Wet west wind. Do you dream of lemon-scented geranium leaves?  
I planted verberna, once, and it died in the sunlight.  
But the papers will say: In accordance with his wishes,  
His bones will be sent to China.



O, temple drums, this is what comes of your throbbing,  
Insistent, your booming; the priests' prayers, the lotus  
Pod incense. Otherwise, what could be proven to reason  
deserters and fleers from the endless drab serries of China  
to the pine covered, rock rimmed hills,

To slaving in vulgarity,

To bowing to enemies?

Trucks rattle, setting the lanterns to tight-ribbed bobbing.  
Doors open on a flash of light in a dark interior. Slant  
eyes, dark eyes, eyes behind me. I am frightened. Clatter  
and bang, puppets, dream and observe. Venerables, we are  
brothers, the judge and the jury. But discreetly hang to the  
buildings as you walk, silently.

From his yellow-leaf paper,  
In sound of the sacred bell,  
Wu reads: It is accomplished;  
Two years have passed in quiet,  
His Excellency may feel revenged.

## FAR BACK, FAR FORWARD

GRACE STONE COATES

THERE was a supper time Veve always remembered. She remembered it with her eyes, like a picture. At first the picture lay directly in front of her. She could feel herself being there without seeing herself. Later she remembered it from a distance, as if she watched herself in it from far behind her own chair.

This supper time happened while Veve still sat at the end of the table opposite the end where she sat afterward. It was before her father had sawed off the legs of her high chair, but after he had taken off the plate-shelf across the front that swung back over her head when she was through eating. He had taken it off because she was getting so tall her head was in the way when her mother swung the shelf back.

The table was longer than it was wide. When Augusta had been at home she sat on one long side of the table beside Carl. Teressa sat at the end beyond Augusta. Their mother sat at the other long side nearest the stove, alone, because she had the teapot or coffeepot at one hand beside her plate, and the bread-board and loaf and knife at the other hand. Veve remembered "loaf and knife" as words, not as a picture, because once when her mother had forgotten to bring them to the table she called to Teressa in the pantry, "Bring me the loaf and the knife," and her father had said:

*"Bread is the staff of life,*

*So bring me the loaf and the knife;"* which made Veve remember a joke he made when the hired man got drunk, and she said out loud, "Whiskey is life

itself." Her father's eyes twinkled and he said quick,

*"But whiskey is life itself,*

*So bring me the bottle from the shelf!*  
That was neat. That was entirely off-hand," he said; but her mother answered, "It is not a particularly good way to speak before the children."

This supper time Veve remembered because something had happened before it, and something happened after it. Nobody but she knew what had happened before it. She sat in her yellow high chair beside her father. Supper was late, the way her mother and Teressa didn't like it to be, and they were eating by lamplight. Veve liked to eat by lamplight, but didn't say so. If she said so it annoyed them. There was no lamp on the table. There was one on the wall behind Veve's chair, beside the looking-glass. It was a hanging wall lamp that her mother and father had brought from New York City, and had a long narrow chimney with a hollowed silver plate that was nickel behind it to make the light shine more. Whenever there was a meeting after dark at the school house someone came to borrow the lamp, and her father always said if by unlucky chance the chimney should be broken it would be hard to replace. Her mother would smile hard and say, "Certainly, Mrs. Likely."

By leaning far back in her chair and throwing her head back until her mother said, "Don't!" Veve could see the lamp and make it look different than it did at other times. Without leaning so far she could see half-rings of dark and light on the ceiling that the lamp made. Whenever she leaned back her father reached down and felt the front rung of her chair to see whether her feet were

inside it, and said high chairs were dangerous. He said this a great many times before she found out he meant that she might tip over and hurt herself worse because her feet were caught behind the rounds and couldn't help save her from falling.

On this night Veve was not paying attention to anybody but the lamp. It purred when it burned. She was listening to it when Carl said something that made Teressa laugh, and her father said Teressa laughed like a crow. Her mother said that was not the proper way to correct a child, and her father didn't answer. He stroked Veve's hair and said, "Marry young, my child. Marry at eighteen. Young women make far the more docile and tractable wives."

Veve liked to have her father stroke her hair and talk about things that were not what she mustn't do, but when she looked down from the ceiling and in front of her, her mother's lips were shut tight, and Carl and Teressa had their faces toward their plates listening but not looking. They were not comfortable, so Veve spoke. She said, "I'm going to marry a Spaniard." Her mother laughed, but not because she was pleased. Her father said, "Marry one of your own race, my daughter. It will make a more suitable union—but do not be in haste to marry the moment a man woos you." He said something else—

*"... in fear of none,*

*Of those who have been hardly won . . ."*

Her mother rose swiftly, saying, "That is a deliberate slur on me," and walked into the front room. Veve wondered what she would do in there, for it was dark. She watched under the door,



and her mother did not make a light. She could not remember her mother leaving the table before except to go to the pantry for something. If she went to the bedroom to put on a clean collar she did it before she sat down. Because Veve was wondering about this she did not listen to what her father was saying. He talked on and on to Teressa and Carl, and they sat with their faces toward their plates, not seeing. Her father got up without finishing what he was eating. He walked past the side of the table where her mother had been sitting and around Teressa's end of the table, as if he were going to the front room; but behind Teressa's chair he stopped so that he was facing Veve. Because he stood facing her and had moved so that she looked up at him, and because his voice sounded strange and his face was white, Veve noticed what he said: "I honor my wife with all the fealty one can bear the dead. I hold her in all honor."

And because what he said puzzled her, Veve smoothed and smoothed it in her mind as one smooths a ribbon rumbled by being tied; and straightened it smoothly with the fingers of her mind to put it away with other things she would keep until she understood them.

What started that night went on the next day, which was Sunday. Sundays were different from other days, because their mother did less, and their father worked around the house. He drove in nails that were sticking out, and put new springs in door latches. After he was through with these he read the *New York Sun*, but when Veve stood close to him he stroked her hair again and said, "Marry at eighteen my child." Her mother said, "Only a coward strikes at

a woman over the shoulders of her child."

In the front room her father walked round and round, and handled the things that were his: the statue of a man and woman kissing, that said: "In Memoriam: Lovers long betrothed were they," and the gold braided bracelets that he took from a long black lacquered box that belonged in the bedroom under the farthest corner of her mother's and father's bed. It was a safety deposit box, and had letters in it in purple writing and the braided gold bracelets with cameos in them, the cameo earrings and cameo brooch, and a small gold watch with black enamel on it. When her father looked at these he would call Veve to him and put them on her. She liked to feel them cold on her neck and arms, and feel their heaviness. Her father would say, "At the proper time you shall wear them, my daughter." She knew they were her mother's, but it was always her father who handled them and looked at them. Sometimes when she and her mother were alone she teased her mother to wear them; and she thought she could remember, faintly, like something one was not sure of, that her mother had looked at them, but only once, when her father had gone to Wichita and Teressa had gone for the mail and Carl was riding the harrow.

Her father walked round and round the front room before dinner, but her mother stayed in the kitchen. He opened the big Bible, the family Bible, that had large print and a rose colored ribbon in it, yellowish where it wasn't between the leaves. Veve was surprised to see him read in the Bible. She was sure he wasn't reading in it because it was Sunday. He opened it, looked in it, and

closed it; went back to it after he had walked away, opened it and stood looking at it, and carried it, open, to the desk.

When mother said dinner was ready he did not come to the table at once. He was writing in the Bible. When he came out he said, "I have made in the Bible an entry of my marriage, and of my wife's death." He was not angry. He spoke quietly, as though he was saying something her mother would understand. But her mother was feeling the way she had felt since supper time the night before, and said, "Why don't you make an entry of the date of *our* marriage!" Veve did not know why this was wrong to say, but she knew her mother said it knowing her father would not like to hear it. It was the first time she could remember her mother wanting to make her father angry when he wasn't. "I will. I will," he said, and went back and wrote in the Bible again. Her mother followed him into the front room, and no one came to the table, although dinner was ready.

No one came to eat, and everything was queer and frightening. Veve knew her mother and father were saying to each other the things they did not let the children hear. When they came out neither of them noticed her, and Veve did not notice Teressa or Carl, though they must have been there, for her mother said, "You children sit down and eat your dinner"; and to her father, "Having corrupted me, you now dishonor me. And I, who know you better than you know yourself, know what is in your mind. Having made your choice, and by that choice having destroyed yourself and your children, you now are scheming for a way to take that choice back, to let innocent per-

sons suffer instead of you . . . instead of you. . . . But this time I have prevented you."

Her father was like Veve: as soon as he was interested in a thing he was not angry. "What do you mean?" he asked; "To what do you refer?" He was not scolding. He only wanted to know. But her mother would not answer.

She said again, not noticing anyone, "Eat your dinners, children," and Teressa stormed, "Eat! Eat! As if anybody *could* eat!" but Veve sat in her high chair and put potatoes on her plate and mashed them with her fork and put butter and salt and pepper on them and began to eat, because that seemed the politest thing to do. She felt entirely grown up, like a tall woman wearing a shawl and hat. Everything that was happening had started before supper the night before, and she was the only person who knew about it. She had wanted to know something, and everything that had happened since had happened because she had tried to find out. She hadn't found out, but these things had happened because she tried to:

Sometimes when she was rocking and singing her mother would say, "Stop rocking," and then, "Stop singing." Sometimes she would not be in a hurry and say, "I'm tired of hearing you sing, now, for a little while. Will you stop until later?" But when her mother said, "Stop rocking," she said just that, no more. Once when Veve didn't stop right away when her mother called to her from the pantry her mother came in walking fast and said, "Stop rocking and singing! Your father is coming." After that Veve noticed that her mother stopped her only when it was time for



her father to come in, and stopped her quick only when he was almost up to the porch.

Veve wondered why she must not rock and sing "Shall We Gather at the River" in front of her father. She wondered what would happen if she did. She was sitting in the big rocking-chair, singing, before that supper time which became like a greyish picture to her. It was late, and her mother had gone to take the milk-pails to the men because she thought this would help them. Veve saw her father coming. She took hold of the arms of her chair tight so she would not slide out when she rocked, for the chair was bigger than she, and began to rock hard, far back, far forward, so that she had to hang on; and she sang. She sang loud:

. . . *ri-ver*

*Where bright angel feet have tro-od,*

*With its crystal stream for-e-ever*

*Flowing by-y the thro-one of God.*

Her mother came hurrying in, almost behind him. Her father was standing looking at Veve, and the chair began to stop rocking so hard. "It is stultifying," he said, "to load a child's mind

with that superstitious rubbish; and worse to tolerate, and even set an example of that abominable incessant *rock-rock, rock-rock . . .*" He said more. Her mother said that faith in God was apparently all she would ever have to give her children, and she intended so far as it lay in her power to give them that. They said other things. Carl had forgotten to empty the slop pail, and her mother picked it up. Her father did not offer to take it, though her mother was not supposed to lift things, even teakettles. She walked past him with the heavy pail and out of the door into the dark. Veve did not rock any more, or want to sing. Her mother came back, walking past her father with the empty pail. She said, "You might kill me mercifully with an axe instead of in the way you have chosen."

Veve ate her potatoes politely, not making them into a cake and cutting them into slices, pretending they were something else, as she sometimes did when there was nothing else to think about. She ate her potatoes, wondering when she would find out why she mustn't rock and sing when her father was in the house.

## WINGS

ELINOR LENNEN

Here is brave splendor that must make  
Poor wingless mortals blench and cry:  
The pageantry of birds in flight,  
Like dust against the evening sky.

But more than this rebuff to age  
Is that to youth, which does not know,  
For all its wealth of winged strength,  
A haven worth the will to go.

## SHORE IMAGE

MARTIN SCHOLTEN

As though the winter's dun-gray pigeon  
treading stiff-legged to explore  
the iron edge of ice

became

summer's immaculate gull achieving  
the poised intensity  
of flight—

So were the mind in like season  
transfigured.

## STATEMENT

DON GORDON

We are the builders by destruction; upon us  
the later towers.  
We are the unbelievers and the great deniers;  
we advance in negative phalanx.  
We are the edged and separate atoms; after us the orbit.  
We are the fragments, the star-broken; forth  
from us vaster suns.

This you said was world: forms and credos were;  
as in Sargasso, thought;  
Blood in the marble lines; in his niche, god.  
We saw stress;  
Flood upon the marble; in the neat niche the  
trouble of wind.

You had roots and you believed; nostalgia is yours  
and the animal pleasure of weeping.  
For us not even nostalgia nor the beautiful companion,  
dream:  
What is to be wept for, how shall the heart yearn that  
has been busy with ash?

We relieve the dying with death; this is called  
relentless.

Mercy is relentless: deliver your maledictions  
to the universe.

This is our inheritance: the burden of destruction upon us.  
Your cities are at the sea: we are the first wave,  
the first and the acrid foam.



## THE MOB

NARD JONES

THE sounds outside no longer meant anything to the killer of the little Panzer girl. The sounds now were just one meaningless roar, and even when a single hysterical voice happened to strike at a moment's silence, or ripped into the roar and through it, the tramp no longer knew what the words meant.

At first he had known. When he had looked through the bars of his window on the top floor and seen the mob coming at the court house, he had been able to tell what the mob was saying. The mob had many voices, some strong and harsh, some screaming and hysterical, and the mob said many things.

He had not believed they were coming for him. The jail was on the top floor of the court house and at first he had believed the mob was only a group of farmers come to protest against foreclosures or something. The tramp had been a part of mobs and he felt a kinship with mobs, wherever they were and whatever they wanted, and at first it did not occur to him that this mob was different . . . that it wanted nothing in the world except his violent death.

Then he had seen one old man come out in front and look up at the window. The old man shook his fist, and the mob was quiet for a moment, and the old man said, "I'm the father of the little girl," and then the mob roared and the old man sank back into it and it became one terrible Thing instead of a lot of men and women shouting and waving fists.

A moment before this happened the

jail seemed secure to the tramp who had killed the Panzer girl. He was a small weak man with narrow shoulders and skinny legs, and it seemed laughable to put such a man on the top floor behind barred windows and a locked steel door. You would have said that such a man could have been kept safe in a clothes closet, and the tramp himself had not even thought of how he might, by some dim probability, escape.

But when the mob came, covering the green lawn in front of the court house, roaring and screaming, throwing pebbles and sticks again and again against the building, it seemed to the tramp that the iron bars of his window were straws and the steel door no more protection than a burlap sack over the open end of a packing box. And now the guard outside had gone, whether to help the men below or merely to desert him in his cell, the little man did not know.

There was no one else on the jail floor. They had brought in a drunk the night before and put him in the cell across the way, but they had let him out again early that morning. The tramp was alone now, and down below was the mob.

No longer did he stare from the window, dodging back when a whirling stick came too close, or when a window-pane shattered on the floor below. He no longer dared to peer down to see how close the mob had got to the steps. He stood in the corner of the cell, the corner furthest from the door, bent down, one knee hunched up as if he meant to protect himself from a blow in the stomach. The sounds out-

side no longer meant anything to him. They were just a great ceaseless roar in the little man's ears. . . .

As the mob had come up from Hogg's pool hall, below the tracks, it gathered strength in numbers and so in fearsomeness—but if there had been time to analyze the tumult it could have been seen that not more than twenty or thirty were active. These led, and shouted, and hurled stones and sticks, giving the mass an appearance of movement and vigor that few citizens would have cared to question. The rest were hardly more than stragglers, gathered from the houses and curbs along the mob's way. For the most part they were the curious, although occasionally one would get caught up in the excitement and push himself forward with old man Panzer and the gang from Hogg's.

The mob's rationalization was finished now, and the mob would not need it further. The rationalization had taken place in Hogg's pool hall, and it had been brief. A renegade had attacked and caused the death of the little Panzer girl. He deserved death—but, after a series of warm rooms, and good food, he would be given life imprisonment. And the men in Hogg's were not sure he would get that, for some of them had experienced the law's delay, and all of them believed in their hearts that the tramp would be surer of punishment if the Panzer girl had lived above the tracks and not below them.

That was reasoning enough to start the mob, and once it was on the move there was no chance for the little man whose pent-up lust had got the better of him early that morning. There was not the slightest question about the

outcome. When the mob reached the court house lawn and Jake Hampton watched from a window of the building across the street he knew the answers to all but one of the five questions every good news story must satisfy. He knew the how of it, the why, and the where and the what. All Jake had to do now was wait, and to glance at the court house clock the moment they got the big doors down.

He saw Stanton and McCreedy come out onto the steps and try to talk with the men in front. But the roar only grew louder and someone threw a stick which clipped McCreedy on the ear and sat him down comically on the step. When Stanton and McCreedy went inside again the mob let out one great bellowing jeer and showered the building with stones.

In another second the mob had rushed the doors, and Jake saw the wood go concave. He held his breath, waiting for the crack of those big doors, surprised when they withstood the surging weight of the mob. Then, from the windows above, Stanton and his futile handful of helpless men dropped tear-bombs and buckets of water, and in return received nasty blows from whatever the mob could find to hurl. It would be a fortunate day, Jake told himself, if the men inside didn't get excited and let go with a shot. Or put in a call for the National Guard. In the town's emergency troops there were too many kids who hadn't been in the war and were anxious to pull triggers.

Jake couldn't suppress a grin as he watched from the window of a building across the way. It would be a fine sham battle, with nobody hurt very much except the poor guy up there on



the top floor. He could imagine Mac thinking: "What the hell! The guy ain't worth all the busted glass and the repair of the doors!" Mac's swelled ear might help him on toward such a conclusion.

When the tear-bombs got to work the mob retreated a little, but it was not finished. It kept up its ceaseless milling and its giant roar, and then a part of it disappeared behind the courthouse and returned with a huge fir construction-timber.

"It's all over now," Jake muttered, and glanced at the courthouse clock.

There was a concerted yell, and a great dull thud, and the mob was filtering in through the funnel of the building's doorway. . . .

They found the little man on his knees in a corner of the upper bunk. He was slobbering and jibbering, and when they dragged him down he squealed like a stuck pig. Those who managed to squeeze inside the cell let old man Panzer drag him out by the feet, let the old man drag him down the cement stairs with his head and shoulders banging at every step. But once the little man was outside the building it was everybody for himself.

To Jake the little man seemed to float through the mob—not above it, or beneath it, but as though the mob had no substance and the little man's body traveled through it as in a bad dream. Now and again he appeared for a split second at the surface, and with each upward toss the little rag-like figure had lost something which had related it to man. In the bowels of the mob he was changed, and as they moved off toward the park Jake got a last glimpse of the little man and saw that

his face was a featureless crimson glistering in the sunlight of the Sabbath. . . .

Now that the quarry was caught the pack grew.

Now that the little man was no longer possessed by the law, now that he was common property, the mob was joined by the weak as well as the strong. Women took up the march, and children, and men who all their lives long had been beaten by circumstances and who would fight now for this chance to beat the little man in turn.

For six years the most of them had been blinded and baffled by forces which were even less understandable than the ways of God, and beneath their moment's hysteria was a dull determination, more fearful and dangerous than their cruelty, to mete out a man's destiny. Old man Panzer, the father of the dead girl, was no longer the leader, and now he could not even get near the pitiful mass of flesh and broken bones which might yet be called a human being. They had forgotten old man Panzer, and they had forgotten the little Panzer girl. In the minds of none of them, now, was the thought of what this fellow had done to deserve their hatred and cruelty.

When they reached the park and someone tossed a rope over the lower limb of an alder, the women screamed and some of them lifted their children to see what the mothers themselves could not see because of the crowd around the little man. There was something about the women at once more terrible and atavistic than about the men when the body was jerked like a streak of light against the foliage of

the tree. They screamed and shouted, pounding shoulders and backs, their eyes glittering with madness. But about the men, even those who circled that scrawny neck with a rope, holding the body upright as if it were still a man for hanging, there was a grim, gruff competency discernible beneath their hysteria.

Women made their way easily to the corpse, dejected in the pitiless sunlight, head jerked skyward, a grimy tattered sock hanging loosely from one foot. Men let these women pass, curious to witness the form of their mania, hoping, not often vainly, for some obscenity which would lend zest now that the killing was done.

One woman who surged down through the mob asked to be lifted on the shoulders of a man. She was a worker's wife, a hard, once-pretty woman whose discontent had not been lifted by the cheap lapin coat or the red shoes or her matching necklace and bracelet. At sight of this woman lifted high, her lapin shoulders against the swollen knees of the hanging man, the mob quieted.

"Boys, there's another woman killer we didn't get!"

A roaring laugh went up, but something about the woman's insanely tortured face silenced them again.

"I mean it, boys. A woman was shot last night by a dirty whelp just like this one."

The name of John Baurgard went through the crowd. It began at the outskirts of the mob and sifted through. It sifted through to the woman.

"That's who I mean, boys—and he ought to have it!"

"Why didn't we bring him along?" someone shouted.

"They didn't put him in jail!" the woman screamed. She leaned too far toward the mob, lost her balance, and fell from the man's shoulder. Then she was up again, this time held between two men. "They didn't put him in jail because they knew we'd be there. He's a gentulman criminal—but he's no better than this"—and her lips formed four short words—"is he, boys?" She slapped the dead man across the buttocks and her audience roared approval.

A voice shouted: "He looks mighty lonesome up there, men. What do you say?"

"What do you say?" the woman screamed. "Let's do a good job while we're at it boys, and then maybe this'll be a town where a woman'll be safe!"

There were a few who protested, but they were lost in the mob as it moved off, leaving the little man, seeking John Baurgard. . . .

## HIGH WALL

RUTH ELLEN LOVRIEN

High wall  
Strong wall of will  
Hold back this dark river  
Of memory, lest flood waters  
Drown me.



## ISOLATION

LYDIA B. LITTELL

In solitude man wanders to and fro,  
Hoping to brush away the ghostly wall  
That keeps him from his fellows, lonely all,  
Seeking the Lover-Friend he yearns to know.  
But that immuring film he cannot sever;  
Only the heart, the heart continually  
Cries to the wordless sky, the secret sea,  
"Shall I walk in my loneliness forever?"

Yet momentarily he may be free—  
Some ecstasy, gone swiftly as it came,  
Pierces the Self with splendor like a flame,  
And he transfigured by its light can see  
The cables of a timeless unity,  
And hear the accents of his own true name.

## THE WOLVES

WALKER WINSLOW

Hunger, America, is wolves in your night,  
padded feet and scraggly fur,  
white fangs and a hoarse throat.  
See them, America, loping in,  
looping the prey; nose to rump  
closing in, the silent spiral,  
pads packing the fallen snow,  
encircling the prey—  
the fat prey, the jowled prey.

Hunger is silent, hunger is spiraling,  
it shadows the moonlight  
where the lovers sit;  
it is the picket line before dawn,  
it rides many trains and has one terminal,  
it is many breadlines and has one loaf,  
it stalks around the foreclosed farm,  
and muzzles the fog on every water front;  
nose to rump, nose to rump, spiraling in.  
Listen, America: like the night wind it is,  
a low wind over the tall corn:  
the slur and sluf of padded feet  
circling in on the crusted snow.

## SONNET TO PEACE

RAYMOND DIAMOND

We walked the avenue fogged with trammelled men,  
and women's faces grooved with ghoulish horror  
betrayed the sea of fear they felt again  
that germs of discontent would breed a war . . .  
An impish voice impelled them to recoil,  
become depolarized, enhance the guile—  
reflexively diseased, how could they smile!  
A frosted nod: they knew no other foil.

Lust for calm is stirred and then foment  
that subtle craze to smite the causeless blow—  
stilettoing the back, part of the game as though  
without it man's dull life were less intense.  
But once we're born—to die does never cease  
until the will for life embraces peace.

## THE OPEN RANGE

### HAND-GAME

JACK STARKWEATHER

**D**URING the Medicine Lodge last summer, we had one of the biggest and most exciting hand-games I've ever seen. The Kutenais had come to visit us from their reservation across the mountains, and they had a lot of buckskin, camas roots, and bitter roots. Our people were short on these things, and so the Crazy Dogs got up a good team to take on the best players of the Kutenai tribe in the old time hand-game. In case you've never seen a game, it's like the white folks' game of "button, button, who's got the button." Our people, however, make up a side of four fellows, and they sing the gambling song which is real fast and exciting, and they keep praying to Sun and their medicine helpers like the otter and raven, while they hide the two bones in their hands. Then the other side guesses for the plain bone, the one without the black stripe.

I'm not a full-blood; my dad is French, Irish, and Indian. My mother is pretty near the real stuff though, and I look more like an Indian than anything else. My cousin Perry Medicine Lance is full-blood, and he and I are just the same as blood-brothers like the old-timers used to be. The night of the Fourth of July we went over to the dance hall where they were having a lot of mixed dances. For a while they dance modern dances, and then they have a bunch of half-breed dances, and then they have some of the new style Indian ones, like the owl dance and rabbit dance. The one we young folks like best of all, though, and one we don't have very often, is the Assiniboine dance. It's named for the Indians over on the Fort Peck reservation. It must have been them who started it. My dad says that back in the old days they used to have them a lot, but he don't like to have me go to



them, because lots of the people who go to church think its bad, and he's afraid they might talk about me going to them. Those people are two-faced, though, because I've heard them talk about playing "post office," and they sort of snickered to themselves.

The way they play this is lots of fun, and it's funny sometimes. The girls will line up on one side, and the boys on the other. They all have on their best clothes, and the girls have blankets over their heads, with only a little peek-hole at the face. They all sing a dancing song together for quite a little while, and then they start dancing toward each other and back; they keep this up for a long time. Finally the song ends and the girls all run for the fellow they've picked out, and try and catch him. When they do get him they throw their blanket over his head, and he has to give her a kiss. Sometimes you get stuck with a girl that you don't like, but anyway, you have to give her a present the next day. You can tell, if a girl you love catches you, that she loves you, too. In a way it's just like the "ladies' choice" dances that they have at some of the white parties. I don't see that there's anything wrong in it, but that's the way some people are.

Well, to get back to what I was saying, Perry and I were just watching and smoking with some girls we knew. Somebody called to me through an open space in the plank wall, and I went out to see who it was. It turned out to be Tom Owl Chief, and he talked real fast in Indian so's none of the whites would know what he was saying. He told me all about the big game that was going on over in the Crazy Dogs' lodge. He said it was sure exciting, and that the Kutenais were losing everything. He said for me to go get Perry and come over, as we might have a chance to win something. After being out in the cool air it felt stuffy and hot inside the dance hall again. I couldn't locate Perry, so I decided that I'd go on over to the game by myself, and see what I could do.

I headed for the south of the camp, the dancing was all at the north end, and it was quite a walk. I guess though that it isn't as far now as it used to be in the old days, when the camp was so big that you almost had to ride a horse to get to the other end

if you were in any sort of a hurry, at least that's what my dad says it was like. The camp was sure pretty; the fires in the lodges made a red glow on the canvas up above the linings, and there was a whole large circle of these, and then the Medicine Lodge, made of poles and brush, was in the middle. When I got along about half-way I could hear the orchestra in the big dance hall playing "Some of these Days" in a real snappy way; it came from in back of me, and then ahead of me I could hear the thumping of the dance drums and our men singing the gambling song real fast and happy like, and I knew that what Tom told me was true—our side was winning. This hearing the Indian and the white music mixed up was sort of funny, now that I come to think of it, but right at that time I was in a heat. My old gambling blood began to get up; it seems like it's a real exciting feeling, and it must come natural to any one with Indian blood. They tell us in church that gambling is wrong, but when something like that's natural in your blood I guess there isn't much you can do about it to keep it from coming to the top once in a while, and especially when you hear that gambling song. It's the only one of our tribe's songs that I really know well. I can seem to remember it from way back, which just goes to show that it's right in your blood. The song has a real fast beat to it, and they usually just tap the ground with sticks, which makes quite a bit of noise when there are twenty or thirty men doing it. This night they had a bunch of small drums which had a high note to them and sounded a lot different. The song goes awfully fast, and there is a lot of exciting sounds to it, which sounds better yet when a woman gives a "yi-yi-yi" every once in a while. Funny what a song like this can do; it sure sets your blood to running faster and faster.

I couldn't see a thing when I lifted the door-flap on the big teepee. I worked my way in, stepping on somebody's feet, and I could see that it was crowded. Finally there was a little space over to the south side, and I crowded up as close as I could, so that I would be able to see what was going on. The space in the center was full of men, and smelt a lot of buckskins, which

were the main stakes, and strong smoking tobacco. They were just finishing a game, and our side won. Over came a bunch of buckskins and camas roots. I put up a beaded belt I was wearing against a Kutenai's buckskin, and watched the play. Old man Black Weasel started the song, and he sang it real happy and excited. Our side swayed from side to side while Yellow Kidney switched the bones from hand to hand. He did it behind his head, under his blanket, and then crossed his arms back and forth. He rolled them around on the floor a couple of times, and then ended up with the song, with both of his closed hands in front of him. Everybody was quiet while a big tall Kutenai thought. Finally he reached out and touched Yellow Kidney's left hand, only to find the bone with the black stripe. Our side laughed and yelled and beat their drums, while the others just sat and looked dumb. A Kutenai shoved a dirty little old buckskin over to me, and I thought he gave me about the worst he had; but I decided to keep it anyway, as I didn't want to start a scrap. He finally gave in, and shoved over a little bag of camas. Everybody lit up a cigarette, and passed the time by talking. Pretty soon they started in again; they played about two or three more games in the hour or so that I was there.

I left my hides and camas roots with a friend, and went back to the dance. Perry saw me come in, and he was mad because I had gone and left him, but he was all right when I told him what had happened. We danced a while more, and then everybody broke up, and we went back to the game. We could see people drifting out of the lodge, and we knew that our side must have won about everything. We got there just in time to put up our bets on the last game. Our side won, and the Kutenais had lost everything except their shirts, which nobody wanted anyway. They were plenty mad because they had been cleaned out, and they sat there talking between themselves in their funny language which sounds like a bunch of coughs and sneezes, and like they were getting ready to spit. Then one fellow that they all call *Lame Joe*, he could talk our language a bit, got up, and he said, "Tomorrow you must give us back a little of this, and we will play you again."

Everybody looked at each other as if they were going to say the fellow was crazy. Then *Bird Rattler* got up, and started talking sign language with his hands to the Kutenais. I don't know this sign talk, and so I asked one of the older fellows what he was saying. This fellow interpreted that he was telling the Kutenais that they were bad losers, and that just because we were better gamblers, and our medicine was a little stronger, and we were able to take all their stakes was no reason to get sore. The Kutenais started talking again, and it was real fast, sounded like an old rickety wagon going downhill real fast on a rocky road, and once in a while it sounded like horses whinnying. I don't like their talk any more than I like them. Then this same fellow got up again, and he said for us to watch out, that tomorrow they'd show us how strong their medicine was. I didn't like this, because they always use it for something bad. I've seen some of their spells work, especially their love charms. They take a little buckskin bag, and a white root, and some of the hair of the person they want to make love them, and wear it over their heart. They sing mean little songs, and after a while the person begins to fall in love, even if they might hate the sight of them; they just feel drawn to them all the time. I knew that they wouldn't try anything like this, though, because they'd be sure to get in trouble with the government. They haven't done much of that stuff lately. But they might do something pretty mean, because they're most of them like that; sneaky, dirty, mean, and, especially, lousy. Most all of our people are clean in this way, but those old Kutenais are alive with lice. I've seen an old woman who had hands like buzzards' claws pick them out of her hair, and then put them in between her teeth and pop them. One night I remember I was sleeping in a lodge where a bunch of them were sleeping, and they'd do this and then throw them on the tin stove.

We didn't do anything but trade a few dirty looks, and then we all went home to bed. Next morning everybody remembered the happening, and felt sure that they'd try their dirty work in the horse race that was to come off about noon, and nobody would



take the Kutenais up on their bets. The race came off, and sure enough our horses had all been doped like the Kutenais do it, so that their legs are weak, and our horses lost. If it'd been the old days there probably would have been some shooting and killing over such a dirty trick, but now that we're

supposed to follow the white man's way there wasn't much that we could do.

I suppose they'll come back next year, from their little reservation across the mountains; they've been coming for a good hundred years or so, but I hope they don't get here.

## YONG SING

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

THE November day was bright and cold, with a gusty wind blowing out of the North. The Doctor had been out in the hills on missions of mercy ever since the evening before. I had kept a fire in his office pending his return; and now, when I saw his team coming down the Belmont hill, I slipped away from the drug store and put two large chunks of soft coal into his office stove.

"Thanks, Tom" the Doctor said, setting his battered, black grip upon his desk, then unbuttoning his coonskin overcoat. "Had breakfast with old Dick Lewis this morning—fried venison, flapjacks, and coffee," he smiled.

There came a tapping on the office door. This always irked the Doctor. "Come in!" he called, with a little impatience.

A Chinaman, clad in a fur coat, cap, and buckled over-shoes, softly opened the door. I saw the Doctor's face soften. "Hello, John," he said.

"You Doctah?" asked the Chinaman, cap in hand.

"Yes, John, I'm the Doctor. What is it?"

"Yong Sing he tellum me come heah, Doctah. Long time Yong Sing no ketchum work. He all-time bloke. Bimeby Yong Sing he ketchum work San Flancisco. Yesterday he sendum letta, tellum me come heah pay you two dollah fo' plescription."

The Chinaman had driven a fat, lazy, horse all the way from distant Helena on this mission. Now he laid two silver dollars upon the Doctor's desk and bowed himself out.

"Here! Here, John!" the Doctor called. "Yong Sing doesn't owe me a cent."

I saw the Chinaman clambering into his spring wagon. But having gained the seat,

he suddenly wound the lines around his whip and clambered out again. Opening the office door he said: "Plitty neah forget, Doctah. Yong Sing he tellum me say he wish you good luck. Goodbye, Doctah."

Thrusting both hands into his pockets the Doctor sat down, his ruddy face toward the window, a far-away look mellowing his eyes. I did not speak, because I knew his thoughts. They were in my own mind, stirring conflicting emotions.

Once Yong Sing had kept the best restaurant in Marysville. It was spick and span; and Yong was a master cook. He had come to the camp without a penny in his pockets, and yet by thrift, square dealing, and an ever-smiling face, he had acquired not only the fine equipment of his restaurant, but the brick building itself. Every subscription list was submitted to Yong Sing, and he gave liberally to all things which concerned the good of camp. When the mines and mills shut down Yong Sing willingly carried the miners and millmen until work began again; and he was ever watchful of the pranks of misfortune among his friends. Many a bill of groceries was left upon the doorsteps of the luckless through the secret charity of the Chinaman.

The Doctor and I had boarded with Yong Sing until we decided to help a woman along by getting our meals at her house. This arrangement lasted a long time, so that we had become out of touch with Yong's affairs when one night the Doctor said, "Tom, there's something wrong with Yong Sing. Let's go there for dinner."

The place was empty. Yong Sing, himself, came to our table to take our orders. "What's the matter, Yong?" the Doctor asked, glancing about at the empty tables.

"Mebby lil sick, Doctah," Yong smiled weakly. "W'at you eat?" He brushed a tiny crumb from the table cloth, and his voice lowered a little. "Loast beef not velly good tonight," he confided. "Beef steak he pletty tough, too. Spring chicken he velly fine. W'at you have?"

"Spring chicken," we told him. Nobody save Yong Sing, himself, appeared to be about the place, which had always been well patronized.

"Something is seriously wrong here," said the Doctor, turning to look toward the swinging doors through which the Chinaman had passed. "Why, I believe he's alone even in the kitchen."

Just then a miner opened the restaurant door, beckoning the Doctor, as though he feared stepping inside. "I've got to go over to the Bell-boy" the Doctor said.

It was time for the night-shift to be going up the hill to the Drum Lummon, and yet not a single miner had come to Yong Sing's for his lunch-bucket. And then I noticed that there were no lunch-buckets ranged upon a side table near the door, as usual. Then the mine whistle blew, and I could see men trudging up the steep hill, each with a lunch-bucket. But none had come to Yong Sing's to get a bucket.

When Yong Sing brought our dinners he served us in silence, and then left us without a word. Somehow it was a gloomy meal. Finally finishing his coffee the Doctor called: "Bring us each another cup of coffee, Yong."

"Yes, Doctah. Lil mo' pie, too. Stlaw-belly?"

"No, Yong, just the coffee."

"Now sit down here with us," urged the Doctor, "and tell us what's wrong. Have you lost all your customers?"

The Chinaman moved the sugar-bowl nearer to us, and then reluctantly seated himself at the end of our table. "All time head ache lil, Doctah. All time no sleep, no sleep. Mebby too much think. Mebby lil sick, too," he said rapidly.

The Doctor examined him. "You're working too hard, Yong," he told the Chinaman. "I'll give you a prescription, but you must rest." He wrote a prescription on a pad which he always carried in his pocket, tore off the leaf, and handed it to the Chinaman.

"How much, Doctah?" Yong Sing asked, his face serious.

"Oh, that's all right, Yong," smiled the Doctor. "But tell me what's wrong here."

The Chinaman's face quivered. His voice trembled when he said: "Doctah, all time me tly be good man. All time if man say I got no money, Yong, cha'ge it, me I cha'ge it all time. Mebby bimeby man pay. Mebby he no pay no time. All same me all time cha'ge it. Sometime man got no work. Me all time feedum, an' cha'ge it. Long time me bloke too. I savvy bloke man plenty. I lun lestaurant Malysville no tellum man no can eat—nevah."

He paused to collect himself, smoothing the table cloth with a trembling hand.

"Five days ago man come heah flom Butte. He makem union heah. Dam Ilishman, too. He tellum Malysville minahs dam Chinaman no good. He makeum boycott, he callum. An' he tellum Malysville minahs lot stuff. Nobody come heah now. I no sabby, Doctah."

What Yong Sing told us that night was true. Delegates from the Miners Union in Butte had organized the Marysville miners; and under direction from the Butte body our miners had boycotted the Chinaman, who had been one of the camp's finest characters.

Within two weeks after the boycott Yong Sing had sold nearly \$30,000 worth of property for about \$10,000, and in his chagrin lost every cent of the money at fan-tan. Then, afoot, broke, and alone he had trudged down the trail along Silver creek, and out into the Prickly Pear valley. Nobody had heard a word from him until now.

"Well," said the Doctor, finally, as though awakening from a dream, "let's go down to Jim's Place and drink a highball to Yong Sing."



## GLASSES FOR BILL

AMY BOWER

IT was dusk when the low spring-wagon, well loaded and covered with a dingy, dust-colored canvas in the manner of an early-day prairie schooner, pulled in at the Tarwater ranch. Bill Tarwater and his family were still sitting around the supper table, and Bub and Minnie, Bill's grandchildren, were the first to hear the cheerful "Whoa, 'Lisha," directed at the sturdy though no longer speedy nag who patiently drew the wagon.

"The Fardy Man! The Fardy Man!" they shrieked.

"Eh?" ejaculated Bill, rousing from the contemplation of his empty plate and looking pleased.

"Yes, grand-pap, it's the Fardy Man!" chorused Bub and Minnie.

Bill seized the lamp from the table and threw wide the outer door leading toward the barn-yard where a little man was climbing spryly down from his wagon.

"Howdy, sir! Howdy!" he greeted the visitor. "Bub, you traipse out and put up the hoss—an' don't ye fergit ter water him fust."

Bub ducked under his grandfather's arm and dashed away to do his bidding. He didn't want to miss a minute of the Fardy Man's visit.

No one knew just why the little man with the traveling sales-wagon was called "the Fardy Man" but that was the only name they knew for him. Bill often politely addressed him as "Sir" but Ma and the rest avoided the issue. Just about every three months the Fardy Man's wagon creaked into the Tarwater farm-yard. Ranches were far apart in the Mendocino hills and a visitor was always welcome. Bill was hospitable, offering the best in the house and always buying generously from the contents of the wagon. Needles and pins, calicoes and gingham, ribbons, laces, bright wools for knitting, even an occasional bolt of silk, were to be found in the fascinating interior of the Fardy Man's wagon. Then there were pots and pans, pie plates, pipes for the men, hard candles for the children, and even oc-

casional toys—just in case a birthday crept up on the family while it was not convenient to make the long trip to town. Bub and Minnie were the proud owners of a Jack-in-the-Box and a music box which, wonder of wonders, played three tunes—Turkey in the Straw, My Old Kentucky Home, and the one to which they sang lustily the song Bill had taught them:

Viva, oh viva, oh viva Garaboni,  
Viva, oh viva, victori Manuel.  
He own-a the schoon-a,  
Sails to the Faralone-a,  
To catch-a the fish-a  
To buy his pantaloona-a.

When the traveler reached the dining-room, which was also the living-room, he was given a cordial greeting; he shook hands all round, and Ma Tarwater said, "Set right up ter the table and I'll warm yer victuals up. I'll only be a minute." She disappeared into the kitchen and the Fardy Man dropped into the chair where Minnie was setting a place for him.

While the visitor was engaged in tucking away his hearty supper of venison steak, beans and Ma's hot biscuits and wild black-berry jam, Bill plied him with questions.

"What's chances for Grover Cleveland's election?" And "Do ye think this yere reciprocity idea is any good?"

It seemed the Fardy Man had opinions a-plenty to satisfy Bill's hankering for political news. After a half-hour's discussion he withdrew from his pocket a week-old San Francisco newspaper which he passed over to Bill.

"Jes look this over, Mr. Tarwater, and see if you think I'm right or not," he said.

"Thank ye, sir." Bill drew his chair over to the dining-table where the lamp reposed and where Bub and Minnie were trying to study their lessons for the next day.

A silence fell. Bill did considerable rattling of the paper. Suddenly he spoke.

"'Pears like they's been a wreck at sea."

Bub excitedly leaned over to get a look at the paper. Then he grinned broadly: "Why-e-e, Grandpap, you're a-lookin' at the paper

up-side-down—that's jes' a pitcher of a new boat that's goin' to be launched in San Francisco!"

A slight awkwardness fell on the group. The Fardy Man was equal to the occasion: "Eye sight gettin' poor, Mr. Tarwater?"

"Wal, now that ye mention it I don't know but it be." Bill considered a moment, then said, "I'd sure like ter be able ter read this yere paper—sure would! Tell ye what—I'd give fifty dollars for a pair of specs I could read the news with!"

The Tarwater family were regarding Bill with open amazement. Bub spoke: "But—grandpap—"

"Shet up!"

Bill reached over and gave Bub a slap with the folded newspaper. Bub knew his grandpap meant it when he said, "Shet up!" and he subsided, eyes and ears still alert.

The Fardy Man spoke again: "I'll jes' step out to the wagon and get my tray of glasses, Mr. Tarwater, chances are I can fix ye up." He prided himself on never missing an opportunity for a sale, and he was excited at the prospect of such a bountifully liberal profit on a single pair of glasses.

"So do!" assented Bill gravely.

Bub lighted a lantern so that the Fardy Man could more easily find the tray among the miscellaneous collection which filled the interior of his wagon.

Presently they were back and Bill became the center of interest. The Fardy Man had often fitted glasses; he decided that in view of the fact that Bill had been unable to tell whether the paper was right-side-up or up-side-down he might save time by starting with glasses of more than medium strength. He carefully chose a gold-rimmed pair and adjusted them on Bill's nose and ears. The family looked on with mingled pride and

consternation. It was only Minnie who dared a suppressed giggle which she instantly concealed when her grand-dad cast a sharp glance at her.

"See if you can read with these, Mr. Tarwater," said the Fardy Man in his best sales manner.

Bill considered a moment. "No, I don't b'lieve as I can, sir," he said at last.

The Fardy Man chose another and stronger pair. "Can you read with these?"

Again Bill gazed at the paper, then spoke regretfully: "Too bad, but these don't seem to be jes' the ticket, either."

More and more powerful were the "specs" with which the patient Fardy Man tried to fit Bill. It seemed that Bill was almost enjoying the ordeal.

"Never say die, sir," he announced jovially as the perservering salesman continued on down toward the end of his tray.

At last the very strongest pair was adjusted on Bill's nose.

"Now, can you read with those?" inquired the long-suffering Fardy Man.

"No, sir, I can't," replied Bill cheerfully.

Suddenly a thought struck the Fardy Man.

"Mr. Tarwater, *can you read at all?*"

Bill burst into a loud guffaw. He laughed and laughed.

"No, sir!" he gasped at last. "No, sir, I can't!"

The family were all laughing. Soon the confused Fardy Man was laughing too.

At last Ma Tarwater wiped her eyes and spoke apologetically.

"Pa jes' *must* hev his joke."

"An' I'm a-goin ter pay dear fer this one," proclaimed Bill. "Termorrer I'm a-goin ter buy ma the best silk dress pattern in yer hull danged outfit and new duds fer the young'uns too."

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**WANTED:** Back numbers of **THE FRONTIER** for May, Nov., 1920; March, May, Nov. 1921. H. G. Merriam, Missoula, Montana, will pay \$1.50 a copy.

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## BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of ANDREW CORRY

Sutter of California. Julian Dana.  
Press of the Pioneers, N. Y. 1934.  
\$3.75.

Grim Journey. Hoffman Birney.  
Minton, Balch and Co., N. Y. 1934.  
\$2.50.

Mother Lode. Louis J. Stellman.  
Harr Wagner Co., San Francisco. 1934.  
\$2.50.

For his subject the popular descriptive historian can do no better than to turn to the history of California of the nineteenth century. Here is a period characterized by incidents of rare dramatic intensity, of bizarre humor, of appealing romantic interest. Here was a land of captivating natural beauty, of amazing fertility, of putative extraordinary wealth; a land where life was easy and gay under the irresponsible Mexican rule. Small wonder that emigrants flocked to it, and the European powers were attracted by it, for the Spaniards, the British, the Russians, and the French contested for the possession of California for many years. And then the discovery of gold focused the eager interest of all the world on that land, already of almost legendary repute. The Gold Rush that followed contributed some of the most colorful and amazing pages of American history. Fortunately enough all this has been richly documented and is easily available. It is therefore a fertile field for the historian and the historical novelist alike. One could say that a descriptive historian writing on this period of California history starts with an unfair advantage over his fellow writer who deals with the less picturesque localities of the West.

But whatever the advantage there is no denying that the authors of these three books have made excellent use of their material in producing vivid, eminently readable narratives. The three books present a varied fare, varied both in their approach and in their subject: the brutal reality of the *Grim Journey* to California of the hapless Donner Party; the entertaining, racy story of the *Mother Lode*; the romantic biography of *Sutter of California*. None of them has pretensions to everlasting fame, yet each, in its own right, is a splendid means for acquaintance with the history of California in an effortless, entertaining way.

One of the requisites that makes for inspired writing is genuine conviction of the writer that his subject is worth while and

admirable. Julian Dana's *Sutter of California* is an inspired work born of his admiration for Sutter, of his love for California, of his interest for the highly romantic and picturesque period in which Sutter lived. Sincerity and the will to write would not be enough in themselves; but Dana turns them to an imposing advantage by his rare literary ability and scholarly erudition. The whole period furnishing the background to the biography is recreated with historical authenticity and with felicity of expression that shows a fine feeling for poetry of situation and character. In fact, one becomes so carried away by the artistry of style that it is not until the end is reached, and style's appealing intimacies have receded into the background of one's memory, that one takes cognizance of the shortcomings of the biography.

One wishes that Dana had been faithful to the stand he took in the introduction: "I like my heroes human. I like the authenticity which etches—even with acid on the needle-point—the indelible pictures of a man as he walks and talks and laughs and plays and plans." With all due credit to the veracity of fact, the portrait of Sutter falls short of attaining reality; it always remains somewhat nebulous, unconvincing. One suspects that this comes of the author's reading into the character of Sutter qualities that he did not possess in full measure, the qualities that are often incompatible with his actions. One feels the lack of sufficient grounds for author's admiration of Sutter, especially as Sutter was a man not possessing a character of the stature of greatness, and whose intellectual paucity was at times all too glaring (as in his diary). Although the underlying bias in the evaluation of Sutter is at all times unmistakably present in this biography, it never offends, as there is no hero-worshipping, no sentimentality, no invocation of pity for the character in situations of adversity. Thus even in making a major misstep in the writing of a historical biography, Dana remains the artist of balance and good taste that he is.

Hoffman Birney's story of the tragic journey of the Donner Party is an effective piece of realistic writing. It is in the form of a diary, as one of the members of the party, William H. Eddy, might have written it. As such it is remarkably successful in capturing a sense of reality of personal participation in what happened, of personal likes and dislikes towards the different people in the party, of reflections and thoughts relative to

Eddy's assumed role as historian and interpreter of the journey. Even the style in which it is written is retrospective, imparting further verisimilitude to the fictitious chronicle. And with it all the narrative is faithful to the available historical fact, and entirely plausible in the interpretation of those events and their traceable causes which have always been controversial in the abundant literature on the Donner tragedy. Thus besides being a gripping horror story, Hoffman Birney's book has a positive historical value.

Stellman's book, the least impressive of the three, is nonetheless a consistently entertaining one. It is an example of reportorial journalism at its best. Stellman 'reports' in a spirited and sparkling manner on the incidents, customs, and people of the Mother Lode of California during and after the great Gold Rush. History as such does not interest him particularly, it is the romantic, the humorous, the bizarre, and the unusual at which he fairly bubbles over with fluent animation and wit. And for this he could not have chosen a more grateful subject out of the annals of American history. *Oakland, Calif.* *Plato Malozemoff*

**Afternoon Neighbors.** Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1934. \$3.50.

*Afternoon Neighbors* is a long collection of interwoven excerpts from Hamlin Garland's diaries of 1922-1932. It contains a deal of good literary gossip and a number of interesting pictures of such notable men as Stuart Sherman, Robert Frost, Barrie, Shaw, Hardy, Sargent, Hoover and Henry Ford. There are also some flashes of descriptive beauty and a few nice insights into himself and the world. When Lindbergh flew to Paris Garland recorded, "The papers are black with headlines of Lindbergh's exploit . . . He did not know—nobody knew—how bored the world is with its daily grind." Beyond that little the book seems negligible.

The main burden of *Afternoon Neighbors* is complaint against "the esthetic judgments of the mob," "this age of jazz music, jazz fiction, and jazz art," which withholds its favors from older artists like Garland. "Neither our literature nor our art, considered as a whole, is characterized by cultivated taste or disciplined by thought . . . our literature and our art are not worthy of us as a world power in war and finance." After that, the reader will hardly be astonished when he finds Garland so frequently surprised that millionaires like Ford did not appear to despise him for his failure to make money. Garland's long complaint is unprofitable because it has so confused itself with the author's own unhappy financial situation. As for lack of taste and undisciplined thought, these and some of our other

sins appear as plainly in this book as in the American life and art that the book so indiscriminatingly denounces.

Readers who are also writers may be provoked by this book to wonder about the advisability of a regional writer with limited materials committing himself to a life of authorship in New York.

*Edmund Freeman*

**The Tabors: A Footnote of Western History.** Lewis Cass Gandy. Press of the Pioneers, N. Y. 1934. \$3.75.

**Broncho Charlie: A Saga of the Saddle.** Gladys Shaw Erskine. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. 1934. \$3.

**Triggernometry: A Gallery of Gunfighters.** Eugene Cunningham. Press of the Pioneers, N. Y. 1934. \$3.75.

**The Reign of Soapy Smith.** Collier and Westrate. Doubleday, Doran, N. Y. 1935. \$2.50.

During the years between 1840 and 1870, a bunch of babies were born that seemed to have the gambling instinct tightly clutched in one hand, and a "hawg leg" in the other. A large and representative group will be met by the reader in this quartet of books, for here is the West, typified by the men who made it famous. But, gratefully, here is none of the fictionized biography of the type of *The Saga of Billy the Kid*. The truth is quite as thrilling, even though it sometimes fails of the happy ending.

The book concerning the Tabors, coming as it does at the time of the death of the last of the primary characters in the drama, is of particular interest. It is actually the first serious attempt to write a careful and entirely factual biography of three people who have become legendary figures in the history of Colorado. Much credit must be given Gandy for the way in which he handles the slight amount of available authentic material. It is hoped that his book will efface the erroneous impressions which were studiously created in its highly imaginative predecessor in the field.

The authors of the first full-length biography of Soapy Smith are unfortunate. For those who know the West, the general quality of the book will be vitiated by the bad error committed on page one, wherein the famous Elephant Corral has been inexplicably moved from its former and true location. Be that as it may, the bulk of the volume is quite well substantiated, frequently lively, entirely interesting, but quite ordinary from the literary viewpoint. It is a beginning, and we hope others more capable will give a little attention to the thoroughly intriguing Soapy.

Eugene Cunningham, Texan to the marrow, has gathered an immense amount of bi-



ographical material relating the lives and exploits of those men who make the Frontier Model Colt the most famous weapon in the world. One after another such gunfighters and law-officers as Wes Hardin, Bill Longley, Ben Thompson, Billy the Kid, Dallas Stoudenmire, Jim Gillette, John Hughes, Bill McDonald, Wild Bill Hickok, and Sam Bass, stalk grimly before the mind's eye. Cunningham has been exceptionally careful in his sifting of fact and legend. His wide acquaintance throughout the Southwest with the gunfighters themselves, and with their friends and enemies, has given him a balanced perspective not usually found in books of any similar types. He seems to have avoided entirely that biographical sin of hero-worship; he is a man, appraising other men to the best of his knowledge and judgment.

With *Broncho Charlie*, the shoe is on the other foot, and somewhat surprising tales are forthcoming. One can imagine that the author wrote down Charlie Miller's autobiography very much as it dropped from his lips. Consequently, the book is more than a lively picture of the old West; it is a singularly enlightening character study of a type of man quite familiar to us all. The events in the life of this born westerner were well distributed as to location, extremely varied as to content, and consistently interesting; and he manages to communicate them so that they lose little. *Broncho Charlie* is as western as Rocky Mountains and alkali, buffalo grass and sage brush; and it contains as many yarns as any other three books we have encountered.

Lauris H. Lindemann

*Lost Paradise.* R. P. T. Coffin. Macmillan, N. Y. 1934. \$2.50.

In *Lost Paradise* Mr. Coffin achieves a coherent whole by adopting a method of the novelist. The action that covers slightly less than two weeks during Peter's—that is, Mr. Coffin's—school days in Canaan, Maine, serves as the frame on which are interwoven his boyhood recollections and impressions, without regard to their order in time.

Peter was raised on a salt-water farm not far from Canaan. Here his perceptions were sharpened and his memory was stored with images from his observation of the life around him and from his reading; in his mind the infinite impressions of a picture were formed, whose homely richness he paints. Countless times he saw "bursts of white-caps running in from the level line of the ocean's edge on the sky" or "chocolate colored furrows turned over in the sun"; he heard "all the twelve winds of the Atlantic." As his reading advanced he found that characters from books became real: for instance, with him on the winding cowpath were "Sir Tristram and Merlin, and maybe Ysolt." Mr.

Coffin transforms the commonplace into the wonderful through sensuous language, partly dialectal, partly standard and literary. He writes of popping corn, "Boom! a small cannon blared at you, and there was a daisy staring at you where only brown kernels had been before"; or of a catboat, "Every bit of metal on her shone like the pinnacles of Jericho."

Human nature was also an important formative influence. Alternating gentle satire with sympathy, or occasionally with pathos, Mr. Coffin sketches from Peter's point of view the members of the clannish family, and their friends: Peter's father, proud of his ability to do "a dozen kinds of work well"; his mother who "had her life wound around everything on the farm"; his artistic brother, Nathan, who died; or his practical brother, Edward. Farmyard animals and fowls, endowed by his imagination with human traits, are treated with Chaucer-like appreciation.

Mr. Coffin, although not a doctrinaire regionalist, is undoubtedly convinced that the hardness and the beauty of his environment comprised the best possible influence upon him. Here he formulated his belief that the highest form of human relationship is domestic love with the sacrifice of one's own personality, and with the generation of children "to have fine thoughts in the days to come." Sadly, however, comes the realization that in order to have the "fine thoughts" of manhood one must lose one's youthful Paradise: "You chose the apples of knowledge, and you had to leave the place where the trees were, and the flowers were, that you loved."

Williamstown, Mass.

Rittenhouse Richardson

*The Klondike Nugget.* Russell A. Bankson. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 1935. \$2.50.

The gold stampede to Alaska—the establishment of a pioneer printer—the beginning of a frontier newspaper—these are the exciting materials out of which this book was made. Any one in itself would have offered a rich opportunity; the combination presented a greater problem. The almost impossible task of picturing the many facets of the times, pointing out the implications of the great stampede in its historical setting and describing the establishment and growth of an individual newspaper enterprise, makes it understandable that as literature this book is sometimes lacking in sustained interest.

One can not blame Mr. Bankson for having fallen short of perfect treatment in a book of this brief length. But regardless of shortcomings in literary emphasis and organization, there is much valuable and interesting material here. The description of

the gold rush is vivid; the story of Eugene C. Allen, the man who conceived the idea of planting this newspaper farthest north in America, in unusual and compelling; excerpts from the paper, and the history of its difficulties, are well worth the reader's interest.

R. L. Housman

**Whitman: An Unfinished Story.** Stephen B. L. Penrose. Whitman Publishing Co., Walla Walla. 1935.

Dr. Penrose tells in this book the story of Whitman College. It begins in 1831 when four Indians from the Flathead Tribe made their famous trip to St. Louis in search of missionaries to teach them the way of life. Then in 1835 Rev. Parker and Marcus Whitman made their journey of exploration which resulted in Whitman's mission at Waiilatpu. The story of this mission is told briefly but vividly. Dr. Penrose accepts the view that Whitman's trip East in 1842 was for the purpose of saving Oregon from the British. He believes also that the Whitman Massacre led to the organization of Oregon territory and he attributes the formation of Washington territory to the petition of settlers on Puget Sound.

The Whitman massacre also led one of Whitman's co-workers, Cushing Eells, to plan a school as a memorial to the heroic doctor. In 1859 the legislature of Washington granted a charter to Whitman Seminary. The institution was poorly supported for years and in 1881 was closed. The next year Dr. Alexander J. Anderson came as president and transformed the seminary into Whitman College. Two years later he was succeeded by Dr. Penrose who expanded the institution and placed it in the first rank of colleges. Penrose built up its financial strength and made Whitman College a place of scholarship where students received the best kind of guidance. Whitman College has contributed much to the cultural development of eastern Washington, and this book tells the story of the close relation of community and college.

The illustrations by E. R. Noring are interesting. The book is well printed and attractively bound.

P. C. Phillips

**Come and Get It.** Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Doran, N. Y. 1935. \$2.50.

The background of *Come and Get It* is Wisconsin in pioneer lumbering days, but the action switches to the eastern coast, Europe and back with surprising continuity. The title is the lumber camp chore-boy's way of announcing meals. The story opens in Butte des Morts, Wisconsin in 1907, flips back quickly over the last half of the nineteenth century, returns in racy, swift narrative to trace the lives of four generations up to the end of 1932.

In graphic, colorful prose Miss Ferber adroitly marshals the mass of characters spread over this sweep of country and period and sets them to do her bidding, logically, convincingly. There is no gush in all this kaleidoscopic portrayal. From the reader's viewpoint neither is there emotion although emotional material abounds. It is written detachedly, from the outside rather than the inside. The book has a dramatic—almost a melodramatic—quality; rich and bizarre settings, queer "typey" characters. With confidence and skill Miss Ferber ventures upon an odd feat of technic. She bursts her largest bubble of suspense in the middle of the book. Seemingly unimportant incidents, bits of dialogue, build up her characters and her plot to the point where an explosion must occur. And occur it does, literally and figuratively, blowing her main character, Gusto, and most of his family clear out of the picture. But this device is not so ruinous as it sounds. Gusto stays on—his spirit stalks through the lives of his son and his son's wife, Lotta, the beautiful, ambitious Swede whom Gusto had loved.

*Come and Get It* skates breathlessly to a close, through a war, through a panic and a depression. Lotta, her twin children, and Karie, her mother, return to Butte des Morts from London, where they had lived for years. The twins criticize their grandfather, Gusto, because he had turned all the cut-over timberland back to the government for unpaid taxes. Bard, the boy, says, "They didn't care much about their country, did they, or the people who would come along after they were dead. Kind of mean-spirited, though they seemed so heartily and picturesque." But Karie answers fiercely, "You got nothing to belly-ache about. That's what being young is for. You don't like the way things are, why, you got all that time to fix it to suit yourself."

Miss Ferber has, it would seem, added a fresh sprig to her wreath. The novel-reading public may be expected to "Come and Get It."

Bozeman, Mont. Martha Harwood Maxey

**Folded Hills.** Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Doran, N. Y. 1934. \$2.50.

Obviously, the author of an historical romance may place his emphasis on either history or romance. White has made his history as exciting and as absorbing as his romance so that the blending of the two is accomplished with skill and deceptive ease.

In "Folded Hills" the author again exercises his premise that the great struggle in life is that of the adjustment of the individual to his environment. Andy Burnett, American, has married into an old Spanish family, adopted the dress and customs of his



## Frontier and Midland

wife's people, retaining only a measure of his native energy and initiative to distinguish him from the *Californio*. He is the apotheosis of another of White's precepts—that "a man stands for what he is and does, and not for what he pretends."

With the incoming tide of Americans difficulties arise that are brought to a head through the activities of John Fremont, and finally by the war with Mexico. In the days preceding the final clash Burnett is brought into the conflict as a sort of "man without a country," and there arises within him an inner conflict which demands his partisanship towards one or the other of the factions.

Eventually he effects what is not so much a solution as a compromise. He straddles the fence with an enviable dignity. But the words *The End* at the book's conclusion belie their tone. The volume, it is true, is ended. But the story of Andy Burnett, we are sure, is not. Two volumes have already preceded *Folded Hills* to recount his youth and early manhood, and now his son, Djo (Spanish phonetics for *Joe*) has been prominently introduced. The Burnetts have an air of becoming California Forsytes.

The book is notable for its intimate and readable portraits of Fremont, Sutter, Kit Carson, and other individuals and types important in the founding of New California. The opposing characteristics of the *Californio* and the Yankee, replacing harmony with friction, are so presented as to clarify the whole situation for today's reader. The book stands as a work of significance in the interpretation of a phase of frontier history.

Eugene, Oregon

James Crissey

*Desert Wife.* Hilda Faunce. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 1934. \$3.00.

*A Cowman's Wife.* Mary Kidder Rak. Houghton, Mifflin, Boston. 1934. \$2.75.

*We Sagebrush Folks.* Annie Pike Greenwood. Appleton-Century, N. Y. 1934. \$2.50.

Now that the exploration of our far corners has been done with some thoroughness, and even settlement of them well under way, we have time, it seems, to sit down and talk over our adventures; even to work them into such forms of doubtful beauty as permanence requires. And here are three tales of woman's share in such labor—we search, mentally, for some sterner word than adventure in reading them through. For though in the exploration of regions the on-ward-pushing force is masculine, without doubt, in settlement we have another matter. There the deciding force that fixes and advances boundaries is the staying power behind the wandering footsteps of the quest-

ing human animal; and this, predominantly, is feminine. It is from this matrix that creation blocks out its obscure way.

So that lonely man, straying from his own kind for whatever reason, is often twin. There are two of him: himself and his wife. And the story of such joint effort is not necessarily less breath-taking than that of the solitary male; it may be a richer tale, from the hint of human emotion, with the elements of adventure as strongly present as well.

Such a tale, starkly told, is *Desert Wife*, by Hilda Faunce—told with something of the etched clarity of sandstone cliffs against a desert sky, and with an effect as simply dramatic. Real life is here, not fiction, and one needs no more stirring action nor more breathing characters than those which move in its pages. An American "House of Exile" it is called, perhaps not too unaptly. It is, in fact, this feeling of reality—unadorned, yet appealing—which one likes in the book, no less than the freshness and strangeness of locale. For the lonely, straying man (Ken, the husband), in this case lonely amid the lush greenness of the Oregon coast for the spare, dry desert of his youth, heads back to it, with the decision so strongly a part of his silent nature, accompanied by the *Desert Wife*: for so she becomes for four years isolated entirely from women of her own race—or from any members of it—in an inaccessible corner of the Arizona desert, a trading post among the Navajos, one hundred miles 'in' from the railroad. Here the heart of her man found ease, among familiar scenes unchanged by fifteen years absence. "Unchanged? In my heart I knew that desert had not seen change, except in sunsets, in ten thousand times ten thousand years . . . Fields of color, that spread over the whole sky and shut down to the earth, enclosing the most terrifying loneliness of yellow rim rock, grey sand, red buttes, black streaks of volcanic ash, and water-washed clay hills."

Against such background the action unfolds, spun forth with the natural eloquence of a born story-teller and the sure selection of the instinctive artist. Exciting enough, too, is this record of courage and endurance, beset by the constant danger that makes the lot of the white trader among an alien race, and all the more effective from its understatement and objective restraint. Not a pretty story, always, in the recitals of small-pox, plague and vengeance, and the hardships she herself must endure; neither are "the heathen," as Ken whimsically calls the Navajos, in the least sentimentalized. Instead faults and virtues emerge with a refreshing candor that distorts as little as the clear desert air. Yet under it all one senses a warmth of humanity and friendliness that makes one understand why the writer becomes truly kin to her silent red neighbors

—sent for in times of stress and sickness, of birth and marriage, from the "hogans" of a primitive people, quick to detect pose or condescension. From this richness of humanity emerges a genuine, though unpretentious, record of the life and manners of a little-known race, and a gallery of people, from the splendid, feudal "Little Bidoni" and the fine old patriarch, Hosteen Blue Goat, to the whining Mrs. Little-Crank, presented with a certain unsmiling humor that leaves them quite alive and unforgotten. The striking illustrations of the book by W. Langdon Kihn add materially to its charm.

*A Cowman's Wife*, by Mary Kidder Rak, presents the wilderness woman in another setting—this time a remote cattle ranch in New Mexico, with only drifting Mexican cattle hands as the social fringe on the strict garment of solitude. Except, of course for the cows—always and always. "We must stick by the cows," said our protagonist. And she did. So that we close the book with considerably more knowledge of the habits and foibles of the bovine characters who do well enough instead of people in its pages. The rather slight action of the narrative is told in good serviceable prose, undistinguished in style, but with a lifting sense of humor. Jutting from the background is the pioneer husband—uncommunicative, resourceful, a tower of strength; and the pioneer woman this time, in addition to her round of household drudgery, must ride a horse like a man, and perform feats of strength in an emergency. Though its pages are perhaps too over-personalized in detail to make them more than of transitory interest, there is undoubtedly revealed a vivid cross-section of life in a remote and untrampled region. The book is attractively illustrated by Charles Owens.

It is the overburdened farm wife—"the world's greatest, as yet unfreed slave, the farm woman," who causes the author of *We Sagebrush Folks* to lift her voice in protest; and it is the case of the American farmer, caught between the devouring soil and destroying markets, for which this book is a brief. The case is a timely one, no doubt. This time the background of action is an Idaho farm; and from the incident piled up in its pages, it is obvious that, through sharing in crushing drudgery and hardship, the writer has received the hard initiation that makes of her what she calls "the sagebrush woman." Yet the statement is always that of the sophisticate, the sensitive and complex nature tortured by the bareness and angular harshness of her scene. The book also is complex, as is perhaps fitting to the adequate presentation of idea, and the discussion and comment on the current status of the farmer in his unadjusted relations to his environment and his government are pertinent and interesting. Lack of unity and overcrowding of detail mar

the effect of what narrative there is, and the whole effort would have gained by a sterner selection of matter. Yet the book is written with force and insight, and with the keenness of sense impression that makes for both style and veracity. It is an intelligent book, worth a second reading.

Eugene, Oregon

Alice Henson Ernst

*Cast Down the Laurel*. Arnold Gingrich. Knopf, N. Y. 1935. \$2.50.

Readers who habitually begin their novels in the middle will be likely to abandon *Cast Down the Laurel* after a page or two in the impatient belief that what they have found is only another of that host of stories now most readily labeled "post-war"—stories in which the characters begin their day at night and punctuate their excesses, sexual or alcoholic, by equally recurrent and equally futile excesses of despair. Such readers will have rendered a snap judgment and denied themselves an opportunity. The opening and the closing chapters of Mr. Gingrich's novel are both original and memorable.

*Cast Down the Laurel* is divided into three parts: the prelude, the story, the postlude. Prelude and postlude are, supposedly, from the hand of an amateur, a liver of life, not a transcriber of it. The central portion, which appears under the title "Apollo's Young Widow," is, also supposedly, the work of a popular novelist with a dozen successful books behind him. "Prelude" names the important characters of the story and somewhat drily analyzes them. "Postlude" shows the lives of those same characters as they live themselves out under the matter-of-fact conditions of liking and loving and falling out of love, of hunting work and earning salaries and rearing children. The excesses of the characters, whether of emotion or of action, are limited both by the lack of means to pay for excess and the still more frequent lack of appetite for it. Each of these lacks is understandable, convincing, and each is so presented.

Between prelude and postlude, however, is interposed still another history of the same group of people, this time a history set in the terms of the professional novelist—every voice a shriek, every passion or action or ability grown gargantuan. "I suppose," the suppositious author of *Postlude* complains to the suppositious author of *Apollo's Young Bride*, "I suppose you felt you had to get some action into the thing . . . God knows there was no inherent necessity, that I knew of, for the introduction of insanity, adultery or attempted rape."

Around this absence of "inherent necessity" Mr. Gingrich wraps his satire. If at times the satire is over-insistent, heavy-handed—and it sometimes is—it is none the less well aimed and certainly long overdue.

Stanford Univ.

Edith R. Mirrielees



**The Proud Sheriff.** Eugene Manlove Rhodes. Houghton, Mifflin, Boston. 1934. \$2.

**Out Yonder.** Gipsy Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. 1935. \$2.

For the last of his novels to be published before his death, Gene Rhodes wrote an introduction which fairly illuminates the spirit of the old West. In the main, it is the biography of two cats, his constant companions for several years. In conclusion, Rhodes wrote: "I claim for these men of whom I write no greater equipment than Beppo's, and no other: a joyous and loving heart, a decent respect for others and for themselves, and courage enough to master fear." With Rhodes the virtues of the West were as casual as that; and he never set to paper a more disregarded truth. All his books have the factual authenticity of *The Proud Sheriff*, the same subtle permeation of his love for the country, the same laconic expression and miraculous characterization. The reason for Rhodes' ability can be found easily by anyone who takes a little time to study the man, his life, and his methods of working. His death left a real gap in the ranks of truly Western writers of fiction.

Miss Clarke, gushing about the great open spaces, misses the boat by a disgusting distance. *Out Yonder* is about as Western in spirit as a Louisville shop girl. The book is full of paraded virtue, shoddy psychology, and glutinous descriptions of nights on the desert; meanwhile the heroine squeezes through the horrendous ordeal which is supposed to make a Western woman out of an Eastern girl.

Denver, Colo.

Lauris H. Lindemann

**When Old Trails Were New: the Story of Taos.** Blanche C. Grant. Press of the Pioneers. N. Y. 1934. \$3.00.

The Valley of Taos in northern New Mexico is one of the strangest and most beautiful places in the United States. It is also one of the oldest in point of human habitation. The pyramidal buildings of the two Indian pueblos had long stood on either side of the river when Capt. Alvarado saw them in 1540 and returned to Coronado, his chief, full of wonder at their size and strength. From that date to the present, the history of the Valley has been full of romance, strife and exciting incident. To this battleground of many Indian tribes, hostile to one another, came the haughty Spaniards—enemies to all. After centuries of contention had brought final peace, the heralds of the Anglo-Saxons came. Wild Mountain Men, trappers, fur-traders, and the freighters with their long trains of covered wagons. Then the conquering American soldiers, bitterly resented

by the other Whites. The struggles of the three races were carried on far from the world amidst scenery of great variety and dramatic beauty. Mountains, deserts, deep snow, burning sun; these set the stage and determined the conditions of the colorful and violent play acted out by characters of diverse attribute and background. And all the while ancient rhythms of a primitive culture sounded with muffled beat.

It is this confused and extraordinary tale that Miss Grant has set out to tell. Living in Taos since 1920, when she came as painter and editor, she has talked with old residents, searched private collections and historical libraries. She has gathered many facts and been scrupulous about documenting them. The notes are at the back of the book, where too are reprinted some interesting manuscripts.

But in putting her material on paper, Miss Grant has been too much the painter; history is not made of daubs of color; the stern discipline of writing requires precise outlines. Her English is often so slovenly that the meaning is in doubt, and it is impossible to determine what the facts were. There is also a stripping of events of all save the colorful details, until, unless one already knows the story, one loses the thread and scarcely knows what the author is writing about. In summing up the historic characters, the author's sentimentality distinctly lessens the value of the book. She either loves or hates, and when she loves, although she conscientiously tries to tell both sides, she mentions faults only to excuse them.

Yet the chapter on the Penitentes is excellent. In it, a just balance is kept between the ideals of more civilized worship and the respect due sincerity and simplicity of belief. This most sensational topic of all is treated with a reserve and sympathy that bring out the poignant overtones in an impressive way.

The book is attractively illustrated.

Butte, Montana

Margery Bedinger

**American Ballads and Folk Songs.** John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax, Editors. Macmillan, N. Y. 1934. \$5.00.

Folk song collection in the United States has reached the point where a comprehensive and critical selection is possible and desirable. The present volume invites comparison with two previous attempts at anthologizing the field. Louise Pound's *American Ballads and Songs* (1922), while omitting tunes and Negro songs, contained a notable introduction (still the best short study of American folk song) and was distinguished throughout by admirable scholarly judgment and critical taste. Carl Sandburg's *The American Songbag* (1927), in spite of over-harmonization of tunes, excelled in its so-

cial portraiture and human comment, full of folk flavor and song gusto. The Lomax collection, limiting itself to the indigenous or semi-indigenous product (outside of the Indian) and containing almost the same number of songs as the Sandburg collection (over twice as many as Miss Pound's), with melodies only, is a cut above the popular and a shade below the scholarly.

The doctors may disagree over the printing of composite versions, especially where stanzas from print are combined with newly recorded stanzas—a doubtful device for avoiding fragments and filling gaps. But to the common reader the book recommends itself by its unacademic freshness and its authentic folk note, uncorrupted by jazz and literary influences. The chief contribution of the volume, however, is the large number of new texts and tunes from Negro sources, of which the work chants and convict songs are the best. Indeed the book suffers, in proportion and evenness of quality, from the attempt to combine a rich collection of Southern Negro material (which the editors consider the most distinctive) with a gleaning of the whole field of native folk song. I should have preferred a straight Negro collection, as a companion volume to *Cowboy Songs*, and trust that it is still forthcoming.

Although here as in any anthology one may quarrel with individual choices, preferring one song or version to another, the collection, with the omissions and deficiencies of which the editors themselves are aware, is eminently representative of the wealth of American folk song and marks a step in the right direction—that of a definitive collection of literary and musical masterpieces.

Norman, Oklahoma

B. A. Botkin

Selected Poems. Marianne Moore. Macmillan, N. Y. 1935. \$2.00.

Low Ceiling. Lincoln Kirstein. Putnam's, N. Y. 1935. \$2.00.

Strange Holiness. R. P. T. Coffin. Macmillan, N. Y. 1935. \$1.75.

The Human Dawn. J. Redwood Anderson. Oxford. 1934. \$2.00.

Few readers of this magazine will need or care for extended comment upon the work of Marianne Moore, whose poetry is already so well known, and so firmly established that T. S. Eliot's dictum (in the introduction he has contributed) is likely to pass unchallenged: that "Miss Moore's poems form part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time." *Selected Poems* contains additions to the contents of *Miss Moore's Observations* (1924). Descriptive and intellectual largely, her work is sophisticated in the best sense, set down with instinctive refinement and restraint in precise spare language remarkable for its phonic delicacy.

Mr. Kirstein's work, since he is a new poet, and an interesting one, warrants more extensive treatment. Eliot's "The Waste Land" represented perhaps the extreme of intelligent decadence, and it was in the Waste Land atmosphere that Mr. Kirstein was growing up. (He is now 28). As a result his earlier poems are marked by certain symptoms of this decadence, among them—it sprang from the lack of anything which seemed more worth while—intense preoccupation with self. This, of course, was not limited to Mr. Kirstein, and indeed one of the reasons he is so interesting is that he is so typical. Other writers of the same period were equally under the apparent necessity of dissecting themselves for material, and we were regaled with psycho-physical obscurities, "as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen." Closely connected with this symptom, springing from the same roots, was the "to hell with the reader" attitude.

While many poets still remain in what might be called the "1922 position," others (including Eliot) have departed through various exits. Again Mr. Kirstein is typical in that he himself has chosen the exit in what his book's jacket says (not too grammatically) is "the direction in which the poetic temperament and the race consciousness, tends": that is to say, the politico-economic Marxian one, through which Spender, Auden, *et al.*, had also departed.

Whatever may be said against such a direction, it is certainly a relief again to have poetry which means something to people other than the author; which, in fact, *must* mean something or fail. As Mr. Kirstein puts it (the thought of his whole poem, "The Words," is here presented in condensed form):

If there was only some way to say it  
than to write it . . .  
We wish to be plain spoken . . .  
Instead of pen, we wish we had a  
wrench  
To mix our periods with bolts and  
nuts;  
Cleats and rivets for ands and buts.  
Then we might build an edifice of  
fact  
Which called for reading, yet lead  
to act.

One will incidentally notice the grammatical imprecision, probably an inheritance from the subjective period in which criticism of such matters was impossible. One will also be struck by the mechanistic image, and realize that such poetry is mechanistically based, and so open to certain objections to mechanism. Obviously, also, it must be propaganda, must "lead to act." But equally as obviously, it *must* be "plain spoken."

Poetry of this type need not be beautiful: it may, but that is not its first object. One



## Frontier and Midland

is reminded of early Italian religious art, wherein the first object was to glorify God. Mr. Kirstein's later poems are not in themselves so near to beauty as some of his earlier ones, but they may be considered so in their glorification of certain social ideals. At least their author, and a large number of his contemporaries, have found something outside themselves worth glorifying, and it gives a thread, a frame, a nucleus, a purpose—whatever one wants to call it—to their work.

Mr. Coffin's poems are pleasantly redolent of the picturesque side of New England farm life: of milking warm cows in winter, of unearthly potatoes, of surprising a fox with a fish. He is not concerned with the class struggle; far from it—potato diggers suggest to him, not capitalistic exploitation, but October dews, kinship with nature, pleasant weariness after toil. His simple faith that all must be for the best in a world that contains bees, sunrises, cows, trilliums, and the like, is restful to contemplate for a change, even though one thinks it too simple. His immediate acquaintance with his material motivates many an original effect. Often, however, the poems are ordinary space fillers, not bad, not good. Their rhythm, in particular, is uncertain, and only too rarely is there achieved such a tight and memorable pair of lines as these:

"Winter is a far more fit

Time for hens than most admit."

Anyone who rushes in with an iambic pentameter blank verse poem about Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel, should be prepared to stand comparison with Milton, and Mr. Redwood Anderson is not such a one. His poem, derived from Milton without originality or signs of more than conventional conception of life and its problems, is made worse by a vague, pretentious, proud, and rather Hitlerish romanticism.

Laramie, Wyoming

Arthur Coon

*Stories of the Sioux.* Chief Standing Bear. Houghton Mifflin, Boston. 1934. \$1.50.

*Wolves of the Illahee.* Elizabeth Lambert Wood. Metropolitan Press, Portland, Ore. 1934. \$1.50.

*Lucretia Ann in the Golden West.* Ruth Gibson Plowhead. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 1935. \$2.50.

*A Bowlful of Stars.* Florence Cranell Means. Houghton Mifflin, Boston. 1934. \$2.00.

One or more of these books should appeal to all children between the ages of four and twelve. The date of the action ranges from the ancient, as in *Stories of the Sioux*, which is a collection of old legends, to the modern in *Wolves of the Illahee*, an adventure story

of the present day. The one thing that the books have in common is that they are all about a child's West.

There is a great deal of difference between the books. *Stories of the Sioux* is simply and directly written, and the various tales in it have a natural, almost childlike, quality. Younger children, especially, will enjoy it: the situations are simple, many of the characters are animals. *A Bowlful of Stars* is at the other extreme. It is probably the most highly organized and complicated story in the group and deals with life in early Colorado. The characters are mature and the high points of the story are far apart. The younger reader is apt to have trouble sustaining interest long enough to wait for the climax, while older children may enjoy the romantic adventure. A long story as children's books go, *Lucretia Ann in the Golden West* is interesting to younger children because it is made up of a series of incidents each covering a short period of time in the life of Lucretia Ann, who had just crossed the plains to Idaho. A child apparently sees these incidents as a series of short stories about the same person rather than as a connected narrative and enjoys them, while older children may become bored with the evenness and lack of climax. *Wolves of the Illahee* is a good adventure story laid in the mountains of Oregon. The story is a little Swiss-Family-Robinsonish and the first part is much too flowery; however, the action is exciting and the later descriptions of the country and the wild life are interesting and instructive.

From an adult's point of view *Stories of the Sioux* is the most interesting of the books. These are real American folk tales and should be as well known to us as are the old European legends.

Butte, Montana

Stuart Barker

*The American Eagle: A Study in Natural and Civil History.* Francis Hobart Herrick. Appleton-Century, N. Y. 1934. \$3.50.

Dr. Herrick, dean of America's "pen and camera" naturalists, has produced another delightful book as further evidence of his forty-five years of field ornithology on the southern shores of Lake Erie. His fluent story, weaving adventure with philosophy, is admirably illustrated by some ninety-five figures, largely showing great eyries in giant forest trees, fierce-eyed Bald Eagles beside their downy young, parents winging their way homeward with the day's fish dangling from curved talons, and even depicting the eagle on the Roman standard, as a watermark in medieval paper, and as an emblem on coins ancient and modern.

Just as in his *Home Life of Wild Birds*

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## HISTORICAL SECTION

### THE BEGINNINGS OF JOURNALISM IN FRONTIER MONTANA

ROBERT L. HOUSMAN

THE pioneer newspapermen in Montana were frontiersmen first (they were young men going west) and journalists afterward; young men attracted out of an old world into a new world; a world to be built; a world of uncounted possibilities and perhaps, of untold adventure and fortune. They all followed dreams. Some lost their dreams; others simply changed them for new ones as they grew into the frontier: some grubbed for gold first and then went into journalism; others went into journalism and then searched for the more material El Dorado. But they all were frontiersmen living their dreams and developing frontier traits and characteristics along with the world about them. That world represented an historically "significant event" of their time—the northwestern frontier.

It was in Virginia City,<sup>1</sup> in January, 1864, that the beginnings of frontier journalism were made on the soil which, in May, was to be officially the Territory of Montana.

The editor of this first sheet, Wilbur F. Sanders, furnished the news matter. The press was furnished by Ben R. Dittes, a partner of D. W. Tilton by virtue of having transported a small printing outfit, along with other stationery supplies for Tilton, by ox team from Denver.<sup>2</sup> Tilton had joined the Pike's Peak rush to Colorado, and after a picturesque variety of jobs, including printing, had started for Virginia City with a load of material for the establishment of the first book and stationery store in Montana, as well as with the small press.<sup>3</sup> Dittes

had been employed to bring out the Tilton outfit. The two were to be repeatedly associated in newspaper ventures, until Dittes went into the mercantile business in Helena in 1872.<sup>4</sup>

The printer's devil in this pioneering enterprise was John A. Creighton, then a leading merchant in Virginia City—later to superintend the building of the first telegraph line into Montana, and still later to found Creighton University.

When the proof had been corrected and the form made up for the press, these three "and a printer whose name is now forgotten" drank six bottles of champagne toasts to the future of journalism in Montana. The champagne was furnished by Creighton. Of this journalistic enterprise we are told, "It was a diminutive sheet but gave a synopsis of current news."<sup>5</sup> This may be the sheet to which Col. W. F. Sanders referred in a letter to the Montana Press Association, August 13, 1885: "Feb. 17th, 1864 we printed a small sheet in Virginia City giving war news and Indian news of the division by Col. Wallace of the Territory of Idaho into three judicial districts and the assignment of Chief Justice Sidney Edgerton to the Third District—then including all Montana and Wyoming, I believe."<sup>6</sup>

The date of the first newspaper publication in the Territory of Montana is undetermined save in the broad limits of the word "spring."

"In the spring of 1864," says Francis M. Thompson,<sup>7</sup> "I had a small hand press sent

<sup>1</sup> Benedetto Croce, *Logic* (N. Y., 1917), p. 307.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings of the Montana Press Association, 1885, p. 26.

<sup>3</sup> "Journal of H. N. Webster," *Historical Society of Montana, Contributions*, Vol. III, 1900, p. 300.

<sup>4</sup> *Boulder Monitor*, Nov. 29, 1919; *Sheridan Forum*, Oct. 17, 1919.

<sup>5</sup> *New North-West*, July 13, 1872.

<sup>6</sup> Proceedings of the Montana Press Association, 1885, p. 26.

<sup>7</sup> Proceedings of the Montana Press Association, 1885, p. 11.

<sup>8</sup> Thompson, Francis M. "Reminiscences," *Massachusetts Magazine* Vol. VIII (Jan. 1915).



out" to Bannack. Thompson was a merchant in Bannack and therefore, naturally, used this press "for commercial purposes."<sup>9</sup> But he also took a short flyer into journalism. Using the type for the hand press, he published "a small sheet of short life" recalled by pioneers as the *News Letter*<sup>10</sup> of Bannack. Thompson himself recalls it as the *Beaver-head News Letter* and says that he published a few numbers but had not the intention of making the publication a permanent affair.<sup>11</sup> Thus far no copy of this publication has been found.

In the sense of providing a sustained mirror and reflection of the milieu about it, the pioneer journalistic enterprise of Montana was the *Montana Post*, first issued Saturday, August 27, 1864.<sup>12</sup> It had been conceived as a newspaper for the gold fields of Idaho. With that purpose in mind the founders came from Ohio to St. Louis, bought their materials, and (starting from St. Louis a month before Montana became a Territory) loaded them aboard the steamer "Yellowstone" to make their way up to Fort Benton. The story of their trip takes up a good portion of the first and second issues of the *Post*.

These two—John Buchanan and M. M. Manner, printer-journalists of Kalidah, Ohio—had originally intended, on the advice of one of Buchanan's friends, to found their newspaper at Gallatin City, but a chance incident changed their destination. On the way up the river, they had met a boat bound for the States. It was a trader on the other boat who told these pioneer printers and publishers that as far as he could recollect there were more white-tailed deer and antelope about Gallatin City than there were potential readers.

Since, they figured, neither antelope nor white-tailed deer could read, Manner and

Buchanan at once changed the site of their projected journalistic efforts—despite the alluring offer of fifty city lots on which to erect their plant in Gallatin City.<sup>13</sup>

The "Yellowstone" did not bring them directly to Benton. Eighty miles below Fort Benton a sandbar pre-empted the course of navigation, the steamboat had to be unloaded, and floated off the bar after a heavy rain the next day. Mule and ox-team took the men to Fort Benton from a point near the mouth of the Marias.<sup>14</sup> There they joined the great sectional caravan—mules, horses, oxen and men—which plodded through dust or through mud, southward to Virginia City and to the other gold fields.

What we have of the story of the founding of the *Post* comes to us from Manner, who, although he returned to "the States" after the *Post* was sold to Tilton and Dittes,<sup>15</sup> survived Buchanan and wrote down some of their experiences. Buchanan died March 27, 1865—exactly seven months after he had issued Montana's frontier newspaper.<sup>16</sup> But the little we have from Manner<sup>17</sup> is sufficiently graphic.

In Virginia City the two men found a publication office—an empty cabin cellar—and worked hard to set up their equipment. The printing press was small. There were ten bundles of paper. It must have been with the shouts of the bustling camp's night life in his ears that young Manner fell into an exhausted sleep on the bundles of papers which were to see the light of print in this granite, green and gold fastness.

The first issue, nine hundred and sixty copies, was sold out at once. The cost was fifty cents the copy; one might pay in gold dust or greenbacks.

The printed word was a luxury. The cost of printed matter shipped in was sky-high: letters during this part of the rush carried

\* Ibid.

<sup>9</sup> "Journal of H. N. Webster," loc. cit.

<sup>10</sup> Thompson, F. M., loc. cit.

<sup>11</sup> *Montana Post*, Vol. 1, No. 1.

<sup>12</sup> *Indianapolis Star*, Nov. 25, 1923 (Interview with Manner).

<sup>13</sup> *Montana Post*, Aug. 27, 1864 (Account of trip).

<sup>14</sup> Ibid.

<sup>15</sup> Born in Tuscororas county, Ohio, he was 39 years old when he died March 27, 1865, at Kalida, Ohio. He was a lawyer and had edited the *Kalida*, Putnam County, *Sentinel* before he came to Montana.

<sup>16</sup> Most of the ensuing information is obtained from an autobiographical sketch of Manner in the *Montana Historical files*, from newspaper interviews and other stories during the short period of Manner's visit to Montana some time before his death in 1928.

a postage as high as a dollar. So the miners—all those who needed printed matter—were willing to pay. Job printing, which Buchanan and Manner did almost at once on their arrival, was profitable. Dance tickets could be had at a cost of six dollars for a hundred. Such a job was the first the *Montana Post* shop put out. The tickets read: “. . . Good for one dance and two drinks . . . one dollar.”

Of course subscriptions to the paper could be had for a price: “Five dollars, *invariably in advance* . . .”<sup>18</sup>

From the first it might have been seen that the newspaper would be a success; the miner, the mechanic, and the merchant would support it from the time it came off the type that had seen service hundreds of miles away. For that group of isolated human beings, the paper from its first issue did just what it promised; held the mirror up to its immediate world and showed “the very form and fashion of the times.”<sup>19</sup> And these were times of hectic promise, in a granite wilderness that had suddenly vouchsafed to man a vision of its golden wealth. Save for homeseekers who had followed the trail into Oregon and Washington, save for a priest or two who had come to the Indians, and a few traders who had come to found trading posts—save for these, there had been one long silence between the time of the Nootka Sound controversy and the short sharp sound of the miner’s pick on rock—in the Sixties . . . In the entire region between the Missouri River at Omaha and the lower Columbia there had been but six to eight hundred persons in the fall of 1860.<sup>20</sup> In less than a year the pick transformed the silence into a hurly-burly of sound. There were 10,000 people in Virginia City alone, in 1862, less than a year after the gold discovery in Alder Gulch.<sup>21</sup>

It was a picture too large for the individual to conceive; it was a phenomenon in sight and sound of which even the individuals involved had little more than an ink-

ling. But it might be reflected. A mirror rotating before the scene might do it. And that the *Post* avowedly tried to be. “For a year past the public mind has been in a feverish state of excitement reading accounts of rich discoveries of the precious metals . . .” says the first issue of the *Post*. “We have correspondents in the various mining camps who will keep our readers well posted on what is going on in the various parts of our young and rapidly growing Territory,” promises the introductory editorial.

The mirror will show where the metal is found; where it is being wrested from the earth (the advertisements will show where to spend it!); it will swing in a wide golden arc to reflect a still wider panorama. Indians, one reflection in the mirror: are the roads being kept open over the physical protest of the aborigines? Yes, there was an encounter on the Overland Route; details are given; some showed the white feather, but—exultantly—“Boys, didn’t we give it to them!”<sup>22</sup> The *Post* says the country is ideal for cattle raising: “No country where cattle must be maintained on grain and hay can compete with us as we will soon satisfy our Eastern boys.”<sup>23</sup> How much of augury is there in this mirroring! “Montana with its grasses and its food supply for stock was destined to be one of the twelve states within the cattle kingdom,” says one historian, who adds, “Beyond Kansas, cattle herds along the trail going north were destined for one of the two places meant by the other end of the trail—Montana or Wyoming.”<sup>24</sup>

The reader may turn back the years and see in these earliest issues the mining camp itself and its frontier characteristics: a robust humor, for one element—perhaps too robust for even this candid generation. There will be a performance of May’s Ethiopian minstrels in the camp; the *Post* promises that their entertainments are chaste in character. But on the third page of this issue we have a little poem about a lover exhorting his lady not to go up in a balloon

<sup>18</sup> *Montana Post*, Aug. 27, 1864. The italics are mine.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, Sept. 10, 1864.

<sup>20</sup> Bancroft, H. H., *History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana*, p. 627.

<sup>21</sup> *Montana Post*, July 14, 1866.

<sup>22</sup> *Montana Post*, August 27, 1864.

<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>24</sup> Webb, W. P., *The Great Plains*, pp. 207, 262.



with an aerially minded gentleman, lest—by an elemental pun—she become involved in the *via lactea*.<sup>25</sup> Recording of vital statistics also manifests the frontier freedom in expression: Judge Bissell of Nevada married a couple—Andrew O'Connel and Miss Elizabeth H. Turpin; the editorial adds a note: "Sensible people take notice—boys its going to be a cold winter."<sup>26</sup>

But the frontier can grow grim—ominously—when its existence is threatened. "HOLDUP,—while the express coach was passing through Port Neuf Canyon between this city and Salt Lake, it was stopped by four robbers, and the inmates, four in number, were robbed of \$27,000 in dust. . . They were on their way to the states, having been here some time in accumulating by industry that which at home would have made them comfortable. We learn that some \$10,000 of that money belonged to a banker in this city. This business is commencing a little early and *prompt measures will be resorted to put a stop to these daring outrages. Road agents, as they are called, can easily be dispensed with.*"<sup>27</sup>

Tilton and Dittes (who, as has been recorded, produced a single sheet and celebrated it convivially) saw that the founders of the *Post* had crossed through the stream in the sands of which—and at bedrock—a new type of diggings had lain. They wasted no time. The original holders of the claim asked \$3,000 for it.<sup>28</sup> They got the money. Tilton and Dittes took over the *Post*—to issue its third edition. Journalism's gold rush in frontier Montana had begun!

The first real newspaper claims in Montana were staked between the years 1864 and 1867. They rank as "firsts" because they followed the establishment of the frontier's first interests: the outstanding gold camps. Two newspapers served the camps centered about the finds along Grasshopper and Alder Gulches (Bannack and Virginia City), and two were published for the miners in the vicinity of last Chance Gulch (Helena).

The men who were to work these journalistic claims, with the exception of one, the *Rocky Mountain Gazette*, came from outside the Territory of Montana. The materials were brought in from all points of the compass. To establish the *Post* (Republican), the publishers and proprietors, as has been noted, came from Ohio, bought their materials<sup>29</sup> at St. Louis, and brought them to Virginia City by way of the Missouri River, in 1864. To establish the *Democrat*,<sup>30</sup> first Democratic newspaper in Montana, the publisher and proprietor bought his materials in Salt Lake City and had them freighted up via Corinne, Utah, to Virginia City, in 1865.

The publisher and proprietor of the *Lewiston Radiator*, first newspaper in Helena "of independent politics,"<sup>31</sup> crossed two mountain ranges—the Bitter Root and the main range of the Rockies—to reach Helena in late 1865. He came from servicing the camps along the Snake river in Idaho six hundred miles west of his destination. His printing outfit<sup>32</sup> consisted of an old model hand press and a moderate supply of type packed via mule train from Idaho, through Washington Territory, across the Coeur

<sup>25</sup> Montana Post, August 27, 1864.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid, Sept. 3, 1864.

<sup>27</sup> Montana Post, Aug. 27, 1864.

<sup>28</sup> Manner, M. M., special file of clippings and letters, Montana Historical Society.

<sup>29</sup> A Washington hand press, superseded a year later by a Liberty power press (Montana Post, Nov. 14, 1865); and followed by a Campbell power press the next year (Mills, James H., "Reminiscences of an Editor" Historical Society of Montana, Contributions. Vol. V, p. 273.

<sup>30</sup> Montana Post, Nov. 18, 1865.

<sup>31</sup> Montana Radiator, Jan. 20, 1866; Helena Historical Directory, 1879, p. 199.

<sup>32</sup> Missoulian, Jun. 20, 1884:

"An old-timer has left Missoula. In 1870 Joseph Magee brought from Helena a No. 7 Washington Hand Press with which he began the publication of the Missoula and Cedar Creek Pioneer. Ever since then the old press has done faithful service, until last Saturday, when it went its way to Murray, Idaho, to be the means of publishing another Pioneer at that place. The press came up to Portland from California sometime between 1860 and 1862, and probably did some work there. In 1862 it was taken to Lewiston, Idaho, by Frank Kenyon, who started the Journal, and where it remained for three years. In 1865 Joe (T. J.) Favorite brought it from Lewiston to Helena, and started the Radiator, the first paper published in Helena. The main frame of the press had been cut in two for more convenient transportation by pack animals. That is the reason it has again started on its journey. The old press has seen many changes. Having reached as far east as Helena, it seems to be gradually getting back to the coast. It sent out many an interesting story, many a sad mention, many an exciting rumor. Many a tramp printer wandering over the Continent, has pulled its lever and sweated and swore he'd quit the business, but every now and then the same old tramp

d'Alene and Rocky mountain trails to Helena. To secure balanced packs, the press—bed, platen and standards—was sawed in half before it was packed on the animals. The season of the year—late autumn, with snow already in the passes—added no little to the arduousness of the journey.

The *Rocky Mountain Gazette*,<sup>33</sup> first Democratic newspaper in Helena, was established in 1866 by several Virginia City men, who, with time to observe the working of the *Post* and its needs, had some materials sent up to Helena from the south while one of their number went east for later equipment.

Of the four newspapers, only one, *The Radiator*, was to see change in original purpose and policy and then it was to be father of the *Helena Herald*, a Republican newspaper which had a sustained influence on its field.

This was to be the roster for several years, until, with the death of the *Montana Post* and the slow languishing of the *Montana Democrat*, an awakening interest on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains was to give frontier journalistic activity a new impetus.

The term "other side of the mountains" was used by newspapers on the east slope of the Rockies as well as the west. The term, therefore, did service for distinction between these newspapers in matters of more than geographical difference. Mainly the phrase was used to denote differences in newspaper policy, in matters of party rivalry and the question of relocating the capital of the territory.

By 1867 the "other side of the mountains" clearly meant Helena, east of the Rockies, and Virginia City, southwest. West of the Rockies—in the sense that they were west of Helena—lay the two fertile rondes, in Deer Lodge<sup>34</sup> and Missoula<sup>35</sup> counties. Fertility of soil did not count too much at the time when placer and quartz were occupying

the major attention of the pioneers, but in Deer Lodge county, south of Deer Lodge City, there were quartz and placer locations. On the eastern edge of Missoula county there were some also. Ranchers and miners made up both of these territorial suburban centers, and these, both Democrats and Republicans, wanted newspapers.

In the fall of 1867 Deer Lodge City gained its first newspaper. The *Deer Lodge Independent* was brought from Salmon City, Idaho, by Frank Kenyon, a journalist printer. Within a few months it was bought by a group of Democrats and placed under the editorship of Captain John H. Rogers, a fiery Democrat who was reported as having "seen service with the tatterdemalions of Sterling Price"<sup>36</sup>—and was proud of it! Thenceforward the Democracy of Helena, which was to become the territorial capital during this period, had its advocate "the other side of the mountains."

A year later, the Republicans saw one of their organs firmly intrenched in Deer Lodge City under Captain James H. Mills. The late editor of the *Post* established the *Deer Lodge New North-West*, and watched over its destinies there until 1892.

But the newspaper the other side of the mountain which had its inception in the typical frontier interest—gold—rather than politics, was the *Missoula and Cedar Creek Pioneer*. A Frenchman, Louis A. Barrett, who had left a gold camp along St. Joseph's river in Idaho, in making his way across the Coeur d'Alenes noticed an interesting quartz formation in a basin on the Montana slope. He decided to make an investigation; and, with a companion, discovered gold in 1869. They staked claims, and sent a rancher of the Frenchtown Valley into Frenchtown for supplies, charging him to keep quiet about the find. How the news leaked out may be surmised; and that night the stampede began. Cedar Creek proved to be a rich placer

comes along, recognizes the old friend, and gives the lever a yank as a joyful greeting. And the old press, like the old tramp, goes on its wanderings, in search of richer lands, and fatter takes. So runs the world away."

<sup>33</sup> Ronan, M. *Memoirs of a Frontier Woman*, p. 132. Manuscript thesis, University of Montana.

<sup>34</sup> "The country both sides of the Deer Lodge River is all good pasture land save where gashed by gold grubbers for a day's journey west . . ." (Smalley, E. V., "The New Northwest," *Century Magazine*, Vol. 24, (Sept. 1882), p. 778.

<sup>35</sup> "Up the Bitter Root Valley there are farms scattered for sixty miles . . . The Bitter Root plant from which the valley gets its name covers all the uncultivated ground with its delicate, rose-colored stars. The blossom, about as large as a rose, lies close upon the earth. The long, pipe-stem root is greatly relished by the Indians." (Ibid, Oct. 1882, p. 863).

<sup>36</sup> *Montana Post*, Dec. 24, 1864.



and quartz find.<sup>37</sup> Camps mushroomed along its banks, and a year later, in 1870, the *Missoula and Cedar Creek Pioneer* was founded.

According to record, Captain Joseph Wright, who had pioneered on the *Montana Democrat*, had the first inspiration to establish a newspaper in connection with the Cedar Creek Camps.<sup>38</sup> He even went to Helena with the intention of buying equipment for such a paper. What changed his purpose, we do not know. Perhaps someone in Helena suggested beginning the *Montanian*; perhaps he already knew that the failing *Pick and Plow* would soon fall into his hands; or possibly he heard that J. A. Magee, I. H. Morrison and W. H. Magee were already making "arrangement to establish a paper" in Missoula.<sup>39</sup> At any rate it was these three, rather than Captain Wright, who, as the Montana Publishing Company, issued the first edition of the *Missoula and Cedar Creek Pioneer*,<sup>40</sup> on September 15, 1870.

In its columns is a lively and sustained record of life in the typical frontier gold camp. The correspondents from the Cedar Creek camps had experienced the frontier in other phases in the Territory; they knew what made news; they knew how to mirror the life of the camp; they liked to write, and the newspaper liked to publish, their findings in detail.

The correspondence from the Cedar Creek camps then is a veritable mine of information on the typical social milieu in frontier Montana. Fortunately the *Missoula and Cedar Creek* files of the period are almost intact.

The rather lengthy title of the paper was retained until January 26, 1871 when it was changed to the *Missoula Pioneer*.<sup>41</sup>

By September W. H. Magee had severed

his connection with the paper.<sup>42</sup> Late in October Joseph Magee announced that he had sold the sheet to Major W. J. McCormick and that he was going into the mercantile business at Helena.<sup>43</sup> Major McCormick, on November 30, changed the name of the paper to *The Pioneer*.<sup>44</sup> Its policies were distinctly Democratic.<sup>45</sup>

A little more than a year later F. H. Woody bought *The Pioneer* in partnership with T. M. Chisholm,<sup>46</sup> and the December 14, 1872, issue carries on its nameplate: *The Montana Pioneer*.<sup>47</sup> On February 28, 1873, the paper's name was changed to *The Weekly Missoulian*. It was under the same ownership, but it made a political announcement: it was an independent newspaper.<sup>48</sup>

The meaning of the word "independent" was peculiarly the frontier's own as far as journalism was concerned. It might mean that the editors wanted to keep out of the way of acrimony; or that the editors were Republican but wanted to keep Democratic subscribers, or vice versa. The main thing was to be "right." The paper was published in Missoula, but it was published there with an eye to Cedar Creek's diggings. And as these—like any other placer claims—began to wane, so the newspaper in Missoula began to lose the Cedar Creek influence: the "Cedar Creek" was dropped, "Missoula" was retained; but it was still "Pioneer" for that area; as a matter of fact it became "Pioneer" for the entire Territory: *Montana Pioneer*.

The name did not change from then on—but ownership did. On July 11, 1873, Chisholm sold his interest to W. R. Turk,<sup>49</sup> and the publishers, now Woody and Turk, carried on until the spring of 1874, when, on March 12, Turk, having bought Woody's interest, announced that, with his taking over the control of the paper, its policy would remain

<sup>37</sup> All information on the Cedar Creek find I have in oral citation from J. T. La Casse, partner and friend of Barrett (now deceased). Cedar Creek is now a pallid ghost of its old self.

<sup>38</sup> *Pick and Plow*, April 16, 1870 (reprint from the *Deer Lodge Independent*, April 7, 1870).

<sup>39</sup> *Deer Lodge Independent*, Aug. 13, 1870.

<sup>40</sup> Helena Historical Directory, 1879, p. 201.

<sup>41</sup> *Missoula Pioneer*, Jan. 26, 1871.

<sup>42</sup> *New North-West*, Sept. 2, 1871.

<sup>43</sup> *Missoula Pioneer*, Oct. 26, 1871; *New North-West*, Nov. 4, 1871.

<sup>44</sup> *The Pioneer*, Nov. 30, 1871.

<sup>45</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>46</sup> Later connected with the *Daily News Letter*, Helena, as its last editor.

<sup>47</sup> *The Montana Pioneer*, Dec. 14, 1872.

<sup>48</sup> *The Weekly Missoulian*, Feb. 28, 1873.

<sup>49</sup> *The Weekly Missoulian*, July 11, 1873.

the same—independent.<sup>50</sup> Frank H. Woody must have bought his share of the business in the name of Worden and Company, because in the spring of 1875 when Turk relinquished his ownership because of ill health the paper went back to that firm.<sup>51</sup>

In the issue of May 26, 1875, we find Chauncey Barbour announcing that the junior member of the new firm (Charles S. Aspling) came highly recommended.<sup>52</sup> The publishers were now Barbour and Aspling. Aspling had come from the *New North-West*, whose editor Captain Mills, "not disposed to stand in the way of any young man's advance," had recommended him.<sup>53</sup> Barbour is a rather colorful character. He is first recorded as the *Montana Post* agent and correspondent from "Bear Gulch and adjacent mines;"<sup>54</sup> a knight of the stick and rule, an old miner and prospector<sup>55</sup> from the Blackfoot diggings, he must have gone to the Cedar Creek, Bitterroot and other diggings, where he mined and was justice of the peace<sup>56</sup> and probably was correspondent for the various *Missoulians* at this time; when he arrived in Missoula, before taking on the editorship, he came to "stick pewters" for the paper,<sup>57</sup> and was not expected to be there when the prospecting season opened.<sup>58</sup> But he outstayed his junior partner, who dropped out in 1875 and sold his interest to Barbour.<sup>59</sup> Barbour stayed until August 15, 1879, when he sold to Duane J. Armstrong.<sup>60</sup> *The Missoulian* continues into the present.

The newspaper office and the newspaper routine in frontier Montana merit our inspection. To visit one of these offices is to visit all. In the difficulties they encoun-

tered and the crudities they thrived on, there was no difference among them in these beginning years. We are taking the *Post* because it carries the most sustained record of the period.

Into the cellar of the log house on Wallace street, rented by Buchanan and Manner, in Virginia City, entered the clatter of the gulch day. Sounds of the morning rousings, the busy noon, and the beginning of the night life when the day of grubbing was over came in in waves to the ears of the men bent over the cases and the editor at his desk. The sounds of the world outside came in clearer, after the second issue, when the log house was bought by Tilton and Dittes;<sup>61</sup> and the paper moved up a stair.

We might be permitted with the editor to make a survey of the office, the personnel, and the materials. The editor shows us his "morgue" or newspaper library; a stack of old Salt Lake newspapers—greatly mangled by the shears—pastepot, scissors with long blades, and a copy of Webster's unabridged dictionary well adorned with the imprint of thumbs and fingertips.<sup>62</sup> In his "sanctum" are paper, pencils, a table and a chair; the editorial equipment complete as the publisher has turned the plant over to the editor.

The editor has been given only one order by the proprietor: "Now just edit this paper to suit yourself and never ask me about anything but your salary."<sup>63</sup> This is a full time job, particularly when tomorrow is publication day. Real difficulties are to be surmounted: his digest of the telegraphic reports has to be finished, the mails from Salt Lake are late (it takes five days normally

<sup>50</sup> *The Weekly Missoulian*, March 12, 1874.

<sup>51</sup> *Helena Historical Directory*, 1879, p. 201: (The account was written by Chauncey Barbour) "when it became evident that Mr. Turk could not long survive an attack of consumption."

<sup>52</sup> *Missoulian*, May 20, 1865.

<sup>53</sup> *Missoulian*, Feb. 23, 1876.

<sup>54</sup> *Montana Post*, June 29, 1867, May 9, 1868.

<sup>55</sup> *Missoulian*, May 26, 1875.

<sup>56</sup> *New North-West*, March 24, 1872; and *Missoulian* reprint in *Deer Lodge Independent*, Sept. 6, 1873.

<sup>57</sup> *Missoulian*, May 26, 1875.

<sup>58</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>59</sup> *Helena Historical Directory*, 1879, p. 201, and *History of Montana*, (1885), p. 335.

<sup>60</sup> *History of Montana* (1885), p. 335.

<sup>61</sup> *Montana Post*, June 10, 1865.

<sup>62</sup> Blake, H. N. "The first Newspaper in Montana," *Historical Society of Montana, Contributions*, Vol. V p. 259.

<sup>63</sup> Mills, J. H. "Reminiscences of an Editor," *ibid.*, p. 276.



to get the Salt Lake papers here),<sup>64</sup> and the white paper—because of the same lateness of mails and freight—has given out.

Someone shouts into the cabin that the stage has arrived. That means the Salt Lake newspaper. The editor bolts, and you are to help the foreman choose the substitute paper for the next issue.

Here we are in a corner of the cabin, and here is the paper available; it is three different colors. All three will be used in time: the brown, the red-violet, and the slate gray.<sup>65</sup> And the readers will know the reason: "... the weather, the roads, the snow and the Indians . . ."<sup>66</sup>

On a heavy table the four pages of the paper are to be made up, and you watch stacks of type—tied around with a piece of twine—shoved into the iron frames that will ultimately be pages. All the pages, including the front, carry advertisements. But still there are holes to be filled up and you can see the editor in the corner, lips pursed or underjaw shot out—marking, marking and clipping the papers that have just come; putting the clippings onto the "hook" and calling the "comp" to transmute the clippings into type.

This is a world all to itself. These men have no inkling for the moment that they are making history; they each have "jobs" to complete. And the editor is several persons at once. He has to answer questions of citizens, prominent and otherwise, about local happenings he must not have missed or about political gossip; and he must keep writing when the pool of sound about him eddies from his desk.

Late in the night the iron frames are clamped onto the press, it makes a revolution or two, a proof is taken—there is a loud oath from the editor, who has found one of

his phrases mangled. Corrections are made; and then the Campbell "power" press starts clanking, to be stopped again by a howl from the "local" writer, who finds one of his items upside down.

It is three o'clock in the morning and the clank of the press is regular now; the papers are being folded and stacked; and except for those doing this work, there is a group around the editor's desk, who have dropped on table, chairs, or stack of paper, and grin tiredly. The local editor begins in a tired but rising crescendo: "Row, Brothers, Row," and the cabin is filled with the sound billowing out into the gulch street.<sup>67</sup> The newspaper day is over. Nothing more to bother with except perhaps the rescue of two persons who have come in, and picking up a paper, are immersed in the story the print tells.

You may ask who the slender, rather vivid-eyed young man is. You are told by a printer: "Sanders, nephew to Governor Edgerton."<sup>68</sup> He adds in a whisper, "Vigilante prosecutor." Sanders is just telling the editor that was a good editorial. . . And that stocky, taciturn, dark-bearded chap with the red windsor tie, absorbed and immobile near the lamp, is "X." You don't know "X"? J. X. Biedler, assistant United States Marshal.<sup>69</sup> And again the whisper, which you hope the man in question didn't hear (you could never tell from his face or position), "That's the Vigilante executioner. . ."

In an hour the editor will be alone within the lamplight in the cabin. The dawn has begun creeping in; the silence that is so much deeper, against the cacophony of the camp life that soon must begin. The editor yawns and stretches himself. An hour or two of sleep, and then to work.

The publication day has dawned—and the editor is circulation manager, too!\*

<sup>64</sup> Blake, loc. cit.

<sup>65</sup> Montana Post, Feb. 18, April 1, 8, 15, 22, 1865.

<sup>66</sup> Ibid, Feb. 18.

<sup>67</sup> Mills, op. cit., p. 273.

<sup>68</sup> Montana Post, Dec. 16, 1865.

<sup>69</sup> Ibid (Official Directory of the Territory).

\* This article approximates the first chapter of a thesis presented at the University of Missouri toward the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

## BOOK SHELF

*Continued from page 325*

(1902), wherein he tells of his newly-invented bird-blind from which he studied and photographed the more common birds of northern Ohio. Dr. Herrick here deals with all the intimate details of life history and habits, behavior and individual peculiarities, of a well-known bird. But he has chosen a bird which has challenged him for years by its scarcity, shyness, and the inaccessibility of its great nest. Did these great white-headed birds mate for life as was commonly supposed? Were they detestable pirates and parasites living off the labors of lesser birds, or were they proud monarchs of the air who caught their own fish from the open waters of the earth? These and many other questions Dr. Herrick has been able to answer finally, from the cover of a tented platform swaying a hundred feet in the air, high in the spreading limbs of a great elm or hickory overlooking the eagle's eyrie, or built atop a spidery tower of steel especially constructed for the eagle investigation.

Dr. Herrick's studies have gone on intensively for the last dozen years, aided by Graflex and moving-picture cameras, and with the help of capable naturalists who have spelled his day-long watch from the swaying blind above the roof of the for-

est. Powerful field-glasses made it possible to pick up the bird fishing out over Lake Erie, to watch it wing its way homeward over the plowed fields and highways, and to be prepared with camera and notebook for the actual arrival at the eyrie.

Ill luck dogged his footsteps, as Dr. Herrick set up tower after tower. An early spring storm brought one great tree and nest crashing to the ground. An incensed farmer, who mistakenly thought that Bald Eagles carry off children and lambs, shot the male of a pair which he was preparing to study, and it was not until the following season that the female acquired another mate. One tower of steel network fell during a night storm just after it was erected, fortunately before anyone had clambored to its top to begin operations; and another was almost crushed by a falling forest giant.

Montana nature-lovers will find interest in Dr. Herrick's account of the Bald Eagle on the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers in early days. The author, who is also an authority on the life of Audubon, says that two of Audubon's friends found a nest and young eagle on the Yellowstone as late as early August, in 1843. Even earlier, in 1805, when Captains Lewis and Clark made their memorable journey across the continent and were the first white men to see the Great Falls of the Missouri River, those famous explorers found an eagle's nest in a cottonwood tree standing on a little island just below the falls. Their description of the incident is quoted by Dr. Herrick, and the history of that particular pair of eagles traced through other records for many years.

*Geo. Finlay Simmons.*

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Once on a time a young advertising man named James Rorty, a still virtuous youth shaken in health by his fight with "the cold wind of absurdity blowing off the waste land of our American commercial chaos," undertook to read Mary Baker Eddy. "At the end of three weeks (and 38 pages)," he tells us, "I was utterly exhausted and sleeping soundly, but unable to bear another word of Mary Baker Eddy's." Anyone of Mr. Rorty's profession, knowing the serious problems involved and hoping to find a suggested solution, will wish Mr. Rorty had forgotten his experience with mental healing. It is too perfectly descriptive of the reader's reac-

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tion to "His Master's Voice." To an advertising man—to anyone who has seriously thought about the place of advertising in the general jitters of our economic system—one word beyond the preface of this book would be unbearable.

The reader, repetition-wearied, is tempted to the rude vernacular: "Check, Rorty; it's all true; so what?" Mr. Rorty answers agonizedly, but not helpfully, that an American Fascism could still produce, from the mass-moronism manufactured by advertising, bigger and better ministers of propaganda and enlightenment.

The waste, the stupidity in much of the American advertising set-up is no longer professional esoterica, or even news. Stuart Chase gave the subject excellent treatment in his book "Waste," and went further in his "Economy of Abundance." Mr. Rorty adds mountainous detail to demonstrate an already accepted American phenomenon, and gratuitously informs us that nothing can be done about it. For "advertising" the advertising problem, he should perhaps be commended. For taking 385 pages to tell us that it hasn't been solved, recommendation is tempered by the wish for a less defeatist approach to the entire situation.

R. L. Housman

## COVERED WAGON

GRIFFITH BEEMS, University of Iowa baccalaureate, young barrister in New York City, has appeared several times in *Harper's* and in *The Midland*. The distinctive poetry of JASON BOLLES, of Montana State College, Bozeman, has enhanced several numbers of *Frontier and Midland*. AMY BOWER, native Californian resident in Santa Rosa, has published stories and verse in various magazines.

GRACE STONE COATES of Martinsdale, Montana, who prepares this magazine's Literary News and whose fiction is of national repute, is at present writing a novel. HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING, Oregon, has been a frequent contributor of stories and verse to *Frontier and Midland*. RAYMOND DIAMOND is a newspaper critic in New York; his verse has been published in Canadian and American magazines. The PAUL ELDRIDGE whose first three published stories have appeared in the present volume of this magazine is of the English staff at the University of Oklahoma; he is now readying a novel.

MARY J. ELMENDORF, Seattle, has appeared with happy frequency in these pages. DON GORDON, California, has contributed verse to *The Midland*, *Poetry*, *The Lyric*, etc. Verse by MARY HALLET, Pennsylvania, who gives poetry recitals before women's clubs, has appeared in various magazines. JOE HANSEN, Salt Lake City, made his first appearance in

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our Autumn 1934 number. LAWRENCE A. HARPER, poet, lives in Los Angeles. MARGARET HARRIMAN is a member of the Tacoma Poetcrafters. CHARLES HILTON, whose M.A. is from the University of Montana, is now a resident of Seattle; his verse has appeared in many publications. ROBERT L. HOUSMAN is of the Journalism faculty at the University of Montana.

NARD JONES, Seattle, prolific writer for syndicates and magazines, author of *All Six Were Lovers* and other novels, contributes a spirited exhortation for Northwest regional literature to the June number of the *Northwest Literary Review*. We present the first published story of DAVID E. KRANTZ, whose seventeen years in the heart of New York's ghetto were of the "usual squalor, poverty, hunger, squabbles—but withal a crying richness of life"; whose other eight years have been a variety of odd jobs; whose zeal-driven talent seems to be now approaching a noteworthy fruition. ERLING LARSEN, Minnesota, has among other publications appeared twice in *Space* this year.

ELINOR LENNEN is a widely published poet of Los Angeles. FRANK B. LINDERMAN, Montana, frequent contributor to *Frontier and Midland*, will publish his twelfth book shortly. LYDIA B. LITTELL lives in Portland, Oregon; RUTH ELLEN LOVRIEN, in Humboldt,

Iowa. RALPH A. MICKEN, Minneapolis-born, educated mostly in Montana, is now a teacher at Cut Bank, Mont. H. RAYNESFORD MULDER, Ohio, has contributed to earlier numbers of this magazine. ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT, professor at Northwestern University, returns with verse after having contributed a story to our Spring number.

TED OLSON is news editor of the *Laramie*, Wyoming, *Republican-Boomerang*. EDNA DAVIS ROMIG, Colorado, has published two books of verse.

MARTIN SCHOLTEN, University of Iowa graduate now taking advanced work at Michigan, has appeared in *The Midland* as story writer. JACK STARKWEATHER, San Mateo, Calif., has been studying at Menlo Junior College.

MICHAEL TEMPEST, Helena, Mont., is a young man not quite nineteen who has been "through a collection of public and private schools," has written prodigiously, collects cats and cacti. IRIS LORA THORPE, Portland, Oregon, is a widely published poet. MARGARET TRUSLER, Idaho, whose work was first published in *Frontier and Midland*, is the wife of Vardis Fisher. Born in Idaho and educated in the Far West, WALKER WINSLOW (now resident in Hawaii) has "worked at every kind of thing imaginable"; his poetry has within the past year appeared in over a dozen magazines.

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*A Magazine of the West*

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VOLUME XV

Autumn, Winter, Spring, Summer, 1934-1935

MISSOULA, MONTANA

Published at the State University of Montana

by H. G. MERRIAM

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Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of the Frontier and Midland, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, E. Douglas Branch; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagee, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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